

The Listener

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A coconut plantation in Ceylon (see 'Ceylon after Ten Years of Independence', by E. R. Leach, page 265)

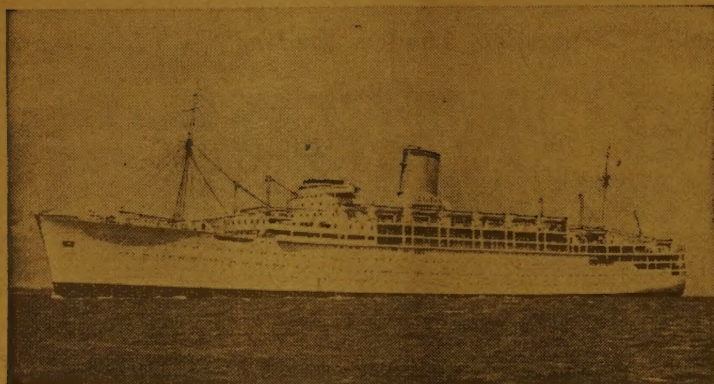
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An Asian on Asia: the Limits of Bandung

The first of three talks by LEON MARIA GUERRERO

I HAVE often wondered how far the Western peoples, especially the Americans, are the victims of their own propaganda. So much have they taken for granted the rigid, almost theological, division of the earth into the self-styled 'free world' and 'socialist camp' that they are suspicious of those new nations of Asia that do not fit firmly into either category. Indeed I have the feeling that there is no real acceptance in the West of their reliability even when they have ostensibly taken sides in the Cold War. This is due, I believe, not only to a mistaken view by the West of the attitudes of their former colonies but also to the deceptive ease with which generalisations can be made about them.

Considered in terms of the Cold War the area represented in the Bandung Conference of 1955 is one not so much of disengagement as of non-engagement. There is now no active military confrontation there, and except at isolated points like the thirty-eighth parallel in Korea and the seventeenth parallel in Viet-Nam, no fixed entrenchments dividing east and west. Seato, with its curious combination of Western Powers and Asian States, stretches disconnectedly from Tahiti to Kashmir, but it can find no physical point of contact with Communist States; indeed its original and primary purpose was to enforce the Geneva settlement of the Indo-Chinese revolution; and Seato's contemporary preoccupation with subversion and economic co-operation shows that in present circumstances it cannot be expected, in terms of armed force, to do more than maintain the partition of Indo-China; and this only at the request and with the consent of the three designated but not member states created out of the former French colony.

The Baghdad Pact has similar limitations for it was designed, in my opinion, more than anything else to preserve the Western

political position in the Arab world and in fact only two of its members have common frontiers with the Soviet Union, of which one was already in Nato. The fact is that when the Bandung area was evacuated by the Western colonial Powers, the vacuum was filled by new independent states of uncertain policies and attitudes; and it is perhaps safe to say that, after the abortive attempts at intrusion by force made by Communism in Iran—I am thinking of Azerbaijan—Korea, and Indo-China, no open and armed intervention or expansion by either East or West can be made in this vast region without the risk of a general war.

It is therefore an open field for that peaceful competition to which the Western Powers have so frequently been challenged by the Kremlin, and whose most striking feature is perhaps the Western world's totally uncharacteristic inferiority complex and fear of defeat, a fear which was expressed most recently by Mr. George Kennan in the fifth of the Reith Lectures (THE LISTENER, December 12). There were many things in this lecture which needed to be said, and which even now are perhaps only imperfectly realised by us. I think it bears repetition to point out, for one thing, that Moscow's political and economic offensives in Asia, 'however disturbing they may seem, are not things to which the West can take formal objection', and that the West indeed 'expected too much' in believing that the 'Russian influence could and should be excluded completely from this entire area'. Nor can any reasonable objection be made to the assurance that the West's 'anxiety about Russian influence is often either unnecessary or exaggerated', and that there is no reasonable foundation for the belief 'that no country can have anything to do with Moscow, even in the most normal ways, without at once losing its independence'.

But I must take exception to certain assumptions underlying

the rest of this Reith Lecture because they distort reality and in fact place the West under a frustrating psychological handicap in its relations with the Afro-Asian peoples. There is, first of all, a subconscious irritation with the creation of so many new nations in Asia. A strong case can, of course, be made for a gradual and carefully controlled evolution into sovereign statehood. It must be admitted that many of the new Asian States were not politically and economically prepared for independence when the hand of the Western colonial Powers was forced by the Japanese. Unfortunately history seldom moves in obedience to political theory, and one might go so far as to inquire how many European and American countries were better prepared when they became sovereign, or indeed are more fit for self-government now, than the majority of the new Asian States.

Irresistible Demand for Independence

It is more important, however, to realise that the demand for independence in Asia was so powerful at the end of the Japanese war that to resist it, even on the best logical grounds, would have been folly. Indo-China was a disaster which might well have been repeated all over Asia. The West would do well to consider what its present position would be if independence had been delayed or denied in the nineteen-forties: at best the colonial Powers would be finding their position increasingly difficult to maintain, and almost impossible to retrieve afterward, in the face of a forced alliance between Asian nationalism and Communism. The Bandung area, instead of being a symptom of peace as an area of non-engagement, would on the contrary constitute a battlefield where no disengagement would be possible, and where not even fixed positions under sanction of mutual nuclear annihilation could be established, because the entire native populations would be involved.

Now at least the West can compete on equal terms with Communism, for I must emphasise that Afro-Asian nationalism is not necessarily anti-Western because it was born in opposition to Western colonialism. It may be that certain Asian peoples are prejudiced against particular Europeans, mainly because they were forced to fight for their independence and are still not entirely sure that they have won it economically as well as politically. But surely where independence was granted gracefully and with good feeling, much affection and understanding remain. Two peoples cannot live together for centuries without, so to speak, growing on each other. Affection and understanding are even stronger where the former colonial Powers have not attempted to retain a disguised economic domination under the forms of political independence; the dislike and distrust of certain Europeans is highest where they have retained the ownership or management of large plantations and factories, and lower where their continued presence is confined to the less conspicuous control of currency systems or the import-export trade. That, one might say, is the essential difference between, say, Algeria and Ghana.

Colonialism, despite its occasional outrages, did instil in its Asian subjects an acceptance of Western standards of justice, efficiency, and public service. The movements for national independence were, in effect, only carrying out the Western principle of self-determination to its logical racial conclusion; and the present programmes for economic development express the Asian appetite for the Western standards of living. It seems odd to many Asians that the only Asian country trusted by the West, or at least by the Americans, is Japan (with the possible addition of Turkey), and that the reason for it is Japan's tough, business-like efficiency. I suppose Americans think that the Japanese are the Americans of Asia, just as they think that the Germans are the Americans of Europe. Japan's nationalism is thought to have been tamed by defeat; while it is considered, through the imperial institution, to be the foe, rather than, as in other Asian countries, the dupe or the ally of Communism. One hopes so, but there is always the possibility that these calculations are not entirely correct, and that once Japan becomes fully independent of American economic assistance her nationalism may prove more anti-Western than any of those other Asian nationalisms which are now so suspect in American eyes. Many Asians would feel inclined to argue that they may not be so disciplined and efficient

as the Japanese, but that they have a greater understanding of those human liberties and values which are perhaps nearest to the essence of Western civilisation.

For all that, Japan does represent for all Asians what might have been if they had not been colonised by the West. Nobody will ever prove that the other Asian countries could, or could not, have reached Japan's industrial development and military strength if they had not been conquered and exploited by Western colonialism. History cannot be rewritten. But many Asians believe that it can be repeated, and they believe that they can achieve what Japan achieved.

The West may not see any reason why, as it was sharply pointed out by Mr. Kennan, it should feel any particular 'cosmic guilt or obligation' to the underdeveloped countries; although I would like to point out that their plight is due directly to the colonial system which compelled them to grow certain exports for a closed metropolitan market, often neglecting even the growing of their own food. The growth of population in Asia is so rapid and enormous that standards of living would not only fail to remain at the same level, they would fall disastrously, if it were not for economic development and industrialisation. To my mind there is no more dangerous fallacy than to question the 'urgency' of this need. Whether as a result of historical forces, as Mr. Kennan argues, or as a consequence of their own shortcomings, the new Asian countries consider themselves to be underdeveloped not in an invidious sense, as compared with the West, but in absolute terms. Their governments are simply faced with a situation where they need to feed, clothe, house, and give work to increasing populations which cannot any longer be fitted into a traditional economic and social structure. There is, I think, too much of a romantic attachment to the kind of supposedly happy feudal society which the very achievements of the West and the natural fecundity of the human race have rendered anachronistic in Asia.

One must not, cannot, generalise about the Bandung area. It has its limits in the very nature of Afro-Asian nationalism, for when one says 'nationalism' one implies that nations exist because one is unlike any other; the Afro-Asian nations follow different approaches to achieve their common aim of independence.

There are Asian countries, like my own, which consider any relations with the Communist system to be dangerous, and which will neither trade with it nor accept assistance from it. There are other countries which feel that they can, so to speak, sterilise such trade and assistance. Some believe in the ownership by the state of the means of production; others would turn over to private exploitation the industries started by state initiative; still others would leave economic development entirely to free enterprise, native and foreign. Some believe in the exclusion of foreign capital; others would invite it. China, of course, is Communist, and all that that implies.

The Decisive Consideration

But it is a cardinal mistake to believe that the economic development of the non-Communist Asian countries, whatever form it takes, will make them pro-Western or pro-Communist depending entirely on who gives them assistance 'fustest and mostest'. As far as Asians are concerned, that is not the point at all of the competition between East and West. The really decisive consideration is that if the West 'relaxes' or quits the competition in a fit of pique, the new Asian countries may not complete their development programmes in time to catch up with the expectations and discontents of their peoples. When some of them, therefore, are ready to accept assistance from any quarter they are not playing both ends against the middle, or engaging in blackmail, or, as Mr. Kennan said, 'exploiting the threat of an unwise intimacy with Moscow as a means of bringing pressure to bear upon the West'. They ask and accept help wherever they can get it because they must if they are to survive.

I do not think being in such a position makes Asians resentful. On the contrary their character and traditions would naturally lead them to sometimes unwarranted extremes of gratitude merely to wipe out the psychological debt of honour. What does make them resentful is the feeling that they are being taken advantage of, that they are being helped not out of friendship but calculat-

ingly: that is why they make such a fuss about 'aid without strings'. The Russians have been much more clever than the Americans in this respect; they have either made outright gifts or, as business men making a deal with their equals, given loans on attractive rates of interest or negotiated barter. The tendency of Western Powers to make assistance available only in exchange for military commitments or facilities, or, on the other hand, only to countries which they think are going Communist, has, to my mind, antagonised Asians.

It is being said that, if India and other Asian countries which are trying to satisfy the urgent needs of their peoples by non-Communist methods fail, while Communist China succeeds at whatever unknown cost, the Asian peoples then may be led to believe that Communism is the necessary solution to their

problems. Indeed Communism would then become a political imperative. That is the real danger in the Bandung area, and the real incentive for the West in engaging in competition with Communism there. Sometimes I wonder why Communism is in the competition at all, for surely it would be to its interest to hasten the failure of economic development in the Bandung area. Sentiment is not a reliable diplomatic tool; the grant of favour, and the lively expectation of continuing and increased favour, can, as the West has now reason to suspect, be a double-edged weapon. But whatever the calculations of the Kremlin may be, I am sure that the West can rely on the sense of self-interest of the Bandung countries and their leaders. What it cannot rely on is their reaction to failure. Failure leads us to strange choices, and the choice may be for the devil we don't know.

—Third Programme

Ceylon after Ten Years of Independence

By E. R. LEACH

DURING the past few weeks it is not the Englishman's precious cup of tea that has brought Ceylon into the news. Ceylon has just suffered one of the worst flood disasters in its history and something like 300,000 people are at the moment homeless. You may be able to get some idea of the scale of what has happened if I say that in proportion to our population a comparable disaster in this country would be something that rendered homeless about 1,250,000 people. Even Hitler never managed that.

Ceylon did not start as a fair jewel in the British Crown. It is not a new country but a very old one. Long before William the Conqueror or even Julius Caesar, Ceylon was an independent kingdom. Its cities were probably more splendid than anything which existed in ancient Europe outside Rome and Byzantium. Ceylon, if you look at it on the map, is a pear-shaped island about 270 miles long having a large mountain block in the middle. The south-west side of the mountain and of the island generally is humid throughout the year, and it is here that we find the main concentrations of the modern Sinhalese-speaking population and also the commercial plantations of tea, rubber, and coconut upon which the economy of the island mainly depends. The rest of the island, nearly two thirds of it by area, has an entirely different climate. Rainfall is relatively sparse and concentrated into short periods around December and April; the rest of the year is dry and hot. In Jaffna at the extreme north of the island and also on parts of the east coast there are large Tamil-speaking populations but elsewhere the dry zone of modern times has been, until recently, rather sparsely inhabited, mainly by Sinhalese-speaking rice farmers.

You may think that rice, which requires a great deal of water, is an odd sort of crop to grow in a dry zone. But all regular cultivation here requires artificial irrigation and, in these circum-

stances, rice, which gives a very high yield per acre, is the most suitable crop.

The ancient Ceylon kingdom of which I spoke had its centre in the dry zone and derived its wealth from the cultivation of irrigated rice. At its peak the irrigation system was stupendous. The great Kalawewa reservoir had a stone-faced embankment about seventy feet high which ran for many miles; at one time it held back an artificial lake nearly forty miles in circumference;

it fed water into a canal over fifty miles long so accurately constructed that for the first seventeen miles the gradient is only six inches per mile. Even the most modern irrigation engineers could hardly do better. There were not many works on this scale, but the ancient kingdom certainly contained several thousand reservoirs of one kind or another, and the resultant economy may well have supported a population of over 12,000,000 people.

This period of classical glory came to an abrupt end during the thirteenth century and thereafter the irrigation works gradually decayed. The Ceylon which fell victim to the Euro-

pean conquerors of the sixteenth century was an effete and decadent state of quite a different kind. The Portuguese came first, then the Dutch, and finally the British, and each conquest left its mark. Modern Ceylon has a British system of administration which operates according to Dutch law in a country where a large proportion of the inhabitants have Portuguese names. But these European elements are only superficial. The Ceylonese people are still proud of their Asiatic past, even though the colonial phase has created amongst them a whole set of destructive antagonisms.

In the first place European commercial development, being centred in the wet zone, raised the status of the lowlanders at the expense of their aristocratic neighbours in the hills, so that one major cleavage in the modern society is that between Low Country Sinhalese and Kandyans. Furthermore each colonial



Aerial view of the recent disastrous floods in Ceylon

government in turn sponsored its own variety of Christian mission. Consequently the age-old rivalry between Buddhist Sinhalese and Hindu Tamils is now cross-cut by the antagonisms of a wealthy Christian minority which is itself split up into a variety of Catholic and Protestant factions. Nor is this simply a religious matter. During the colonial period indigenous Ceylonese schooling was neglected. To get a useful education Ceylonese children had to go to English-language, Christian-mission schools, and thence to English universities. It happened that the principal mission schools were located in areas occupied by Tamils and by Sinhalese of the Karava caste so that these two sections of the total population gained a disproportionate advantage, a circumstance which greatly stimulated factional hostility along communal and caste lines.

All things considered, the number and variety of middle-class Ceylonese who managed to survive this educational hurdle race during the period 1900 to 1940 is remarkable, but the frustrations to which they were put have had most important implications. In independent Ceylon today, the governing class—which fills all the leading positions in the civil service and the government—is drawn from a highly select *élite*, all members of which have an almost identical English educational background. Most members of this ruling class are deeply prejudiced on the issues of caste and religious difference in a way which was quite absent among the Ceylonese of earlier generations. The intellectual standards of this *élite* are high, much higher than those of their English colonial predecessors, yet, as a group, the new rulers know little about their own people. Most of them speak English in their own homes and there are many who find it easier to construe classical Greek than modern Sinhalese.

Ceylon achieved independence in 1948 because the British surrendered their powers. We gave way gracefully and voluntarily, but we did so because, over a period of twenty-five years, we had been subjected to continuous pressure from a group of nationalist Ceylonese politicians. Foremost among these English-educated Ceylon patriots was the late D. S. Senanayake. This man early perceived, as many of his colleagues did not, that mere affluence is no basis for national sovereignty. What was needed among the faction-ridden and over-subservient Ceylonese of the 1930 period was a sense of national solidarity and pride. If the people of Ceylon were to become a nation they must be proud of themselves; they needed a national myth.

In the nineteen-thirties Senanayake held office as Minister of Agriculture and Lands, and he took advantage of that position to preach his national gospel. He urged his people to stop thinking of themselves as inefficient labourers subservient to European employers. Rather they should look back to the glories of the past; they should remember that among their ancestors were some of the greatest engineers of world history. They must look upon the thinly populated wastes of the dry zone as a national challenge calling for redevelopment on a grand scale by a united people.

In due course D. S. Senanayake became the central focus of national sentiment and, when full independence was achieved in 1948, he headed the Government as leader of the United National Party which at that time genuinely represented all

factions in Ceylon society other than those of the extreme left. But Ceylonese solidarity did not endure very long. When D. S. Senanayake died in 1952 there was no national figure of comparable standing who could succeed him. His policy of dry-zone redevelopment has been continued but the enthusiasm seems to have gone. There is no longer any common national objective; instead, narrow factionalist issues which concentrate on caste, religion, and education once again hold the centre of Ceylon's political stage.

There is now a new kind of dissatisfaction and uncertainty. Independent Ceylon was established with English-pattern institutions as a constituent member of the British Common-

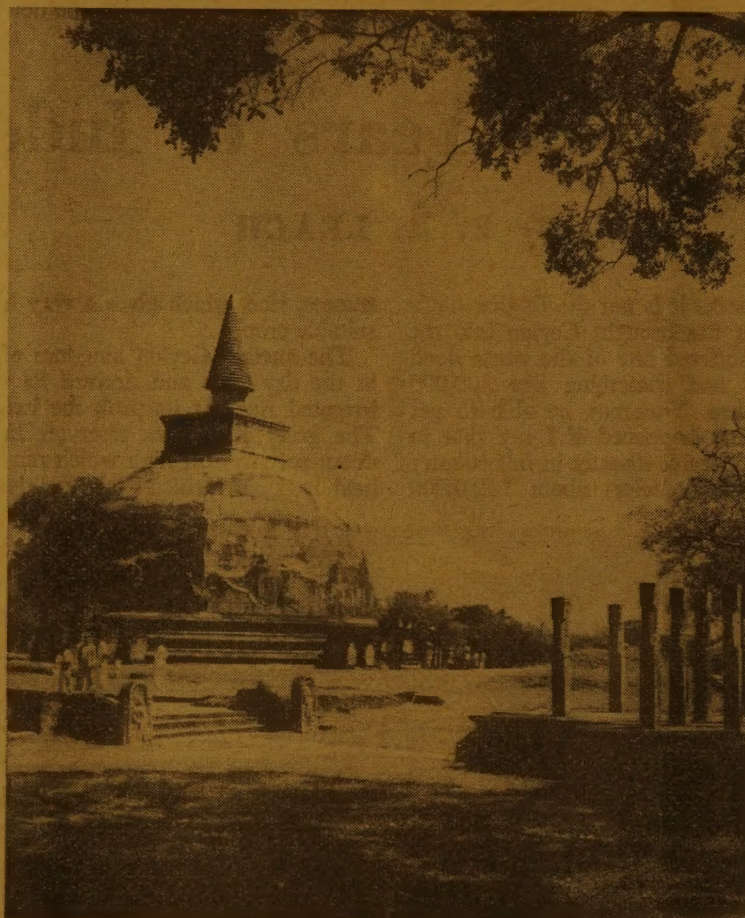
wealth; but the Ceylonese no longer feel certain that 'made in Britain' is the only possible hall mark for worthwhile political ideas; the politicians are looking round for other possibilities—from ancient history and contemporary Russia in particular. So to the rivalries of region and caste and language and religion there have now been added the rivalries of ideology; Trotskyites battle with Communists, Republicans with Monarchists. And, meanwhile, Nature sends a flood.

On December 24, at a time when the reservoir system was already full, a sudden widespread storm deposited over twenty-five inches of rain in little over forty-eight hours. Hundreds of minor earthworks crumbled away, but the really serious thing was that at least five of the major reservoirs were breached, spreading flood and destruction in all directions. Because the irrigation works are wrecked, the flood may be followed by drought and famine. The immediate loss is enormous. The long-term loss is greater. It will be years before dry-zone produc-

tivity can be brought back to anywhere near the level of 1957. Is this, then, the bitter end to D. S. Senanayake's dream of national resurgence through dry-zone redevelopment? It could be so, but it could also be just the opposite, for, in politics, the spectacular has a value of its own whether it be success or disaster.

The greater part of dry-zone redevelopment over the past eighty years has consisted simply of restoring to their former use the ruined irrigation works of ancient times, but the project which is particularly associated with D. S. Senanayake is the initiation of the great Gal Oya irrigation system. This enormously expensive work, which is designed to serve 100,000 acres of rice land, has been created in a virgin area which in ancient times was never irrigated at all. Gal Oya therefore stands for something much more than a mere reverence for past glories: it is a symbol of the new Ceylon and of national solidarity. Its waters serve Sinhalese and Tamils alike; members of all castes and of all religious communities are to be found among the inhabitants of its model settlements.

In practice Gal Oya has had its difficulties, the bitter communal issues which have marred Ceylon public life over the past two years have here found their most violent expression. Yet the ideal of national unity for which Gal Oya stood at its first inception is not yet entirely lost. It is therefore a hopeful portent of the flood that the main reservoir of the Gal Oya system has held firm—though only just.



The ruins of Polonnaruwa, Ceylon's ancient capital

To an outside observer, ten-year-old independent Ceylon looks as if it were in a parlous state. Instead of national enthusiasm with a common striving towards a common aim one sees only factionalist quarrels. Instead of economic policy we have only the *cliché* phrases of borrowed ideologies. And on top of all this comes a stupendous natural disaster.

The prognosis looks bad. Will the patient die or can the

crisis serve as a stimulus for a new outburst of national solidarity? Ceylon politicians of all parties and of all factions might do well perhaps to consider one of D. S. Senanayake's perorations: 'We are the product', he said, 'of the strength and of the weakness of our forbears. I do believe that it is not yet too late to attempt to eliminate the weakness and to conserve the strength'.—*Home Service*

Imperial Preference versus European Union

The third of four talks by ANDREW SHONFIELD

WE have been so busy in this country contemplating our sharp right turn towards Europe, that we have hardly noticed the equally startling twists and turns in the economic policies of our Commonwealth trading partners. By contrast with Britain, there has not been a deliberate and steady movement of policy towards a clearly defined objective—the European Free Trade Area. The Commonwealth countries have, rather, responded to a series of stimuli, which have certain features in common. Conscious policy-making is only now beginning to emerge out of this process.

Two Main Stimuli

The stimuli to which the Commonwealth has been responding are of two main kinds: first, there is the familiar shortage of capital to carry through the process of industrialisation, on which all the major countries are engaged; secondly, there has been the growing disappointment and anxiety about the traditional markets for their commodity exports in the West. Whereas the first factor has been the familiar background of Commonwealth discussion ever since the war, the second is today the dominant influence on policy. The American recession has brought the underlying trouble to a head. For some years now demand for imported raw materials in Western Europe and North America has not kept pace with the growth of production. The industrial countries have learnt to make do with less; and technological advances, giving us for instance synthetics in the place of natural fibres and atomic energy in the place of oil, will make it possible to get by with a still lower proportion of imported raw materials.

The other factor which has squeezed the earnings of the agricultural countries is part technological and part political. It affects foodstuffs in particular. In Western Europe and the United States, people have been extremely successful in applying science to agriculture. Heavy agricultural protection and assured markets for their produce have given farmers the incentive in countries like Britain to invest on a large scale in technical improvements.

However, neither here nor in the United States nor in most countries of Western Europe does the rising productivity of agriculture compensate for our natural disadvantages compared with countries like Australia and New Zealand. They can still produce food much more cheaply than we can. But in spite of rising living standards in the West and the increasing demand there for more highly processed foods, like meat and dairy produce, the scope for any expansion of exports in these markets is sharply constricted. In particular, Britain, although still the world's biggest importer of food, offers little promise to countries like New Zealand, which are looking for some way of increasing their export earnings. The population in New Zealand is rising fast, and unless someone can be found to buy considerably more butter and meat from them, the standard of living will fall.

This is the kind of problem which has turned the attention of the Commonwealth countries towards the markets of continental Western Europe. With the opportunities limited in both Britain and the United States, exporters of agricultural produce have begun to take an interest in Germany and in the other countries in the European Common Market. That is why they have been so intensely concerned about the special arrangements for agriculture envisaged in the Common Market treaty. There is certainly not going to be free trade in foodstuffs and the like.

The European farmers are going to set up a managed market on an international basis, backed by their governments. If the farmers have their way, there is little doubt that the managed market will set out to fulfil two functions—first to keep prices inside the Common Market up and, second, to keep foreign produce out. This will be done by a system of fixing minimum prices for all foods in the Common Market and making it illegal to sell anything below the minimum. As the New Zealand delegate to the conference of the Gatt at Geneva last year pointed out sadly, 'It is fairly obvious that if, as we fear, minimum prices in the various member countries are all raised to the level required by the country currently paying the highest prices to its producers, then the scope for imports from third countries into the Community would be reduced'.

At the Geneva conference the delegates of one Commonwealth country after another rose to make the same point. The European Common Market group were evidently surprised to meet this strong opposition to their plans, so consistently expressed, and some of them seem to have suspected the sinister hand of Britain behind it all. It is true that Britain is engaged in a dispute with the European Common Market about agricultural protection. It was undoubtedly convenient from our point of view to have the Commonwealth countries arguing on the same subject. But in truth Britain's agricultural interests at the moment are closer to the European system of a managed market than to the Commonwealth objective of freer trade. There is absolutely no reason why the British farmer's requirements for protection should not be accommodated within the continental old boys' club. Indeed, the protection afforded by fixing a minimum selling price at a fairly high level would be even greater than the British farmer receives from his government today.

The Ambivalent British Attitude

This situation brings out the essential ambivalence in the British attitude. On the one hand we genuinely want cheap food, which we can get from the Commonwealth and not from Europe. On the other hand, we want to protect our farmers, just as much as anyone else in Europe—though the chosen British method is to give them direct subsidies, rather than the high tariffs that are the normal instrument on the Continent. So far, we have remained rather precariously poised between these overlapping circles of Commonwealth and European interests.

But recently there have been increasing strains on Britain from both sides. On the European side, in the negotiations on free trade, Britain is being harried by the French and others to conform completely with their tariff arrangements. This, in effect, would mean the end of imperial preference, which the present British Government is not prepared to accept. On the Commonwealth side, however, there is a widespread feeling that the British market no longer offers an expanding outlet for sales of agricultural produce, and that imperial preference, if it merely guarantees a static position in a static market, is not enough. From that point, the Australian and New Zealand Governments have already gone on to argue that they can obtain concessions in the European market by offering a cut in the tariff preference hitherto given to Britain as a bait.

The real anxiety of these countries of the Commonwealth is to

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The Listener

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A Good Dig

IN recent years archaeologists who, except at times when sensational discoveries have been made, used to be reckoned pretty obscure and recondite figures, have achieved more popular fame principally through the medium of television. Last week, for example, Sir Mortimer Wheeler performed a notable *pas seul* on B.B.C. television in telling the story of the buried city of Taxila to hundreds of thousands of eager viewers. The good-humoured features of Dr. Glyn Daniel and other distinguished archaeologists are all well known from our television screens. But what may not be so generally realised is how widespread a combined operation a modern 'dig' can be, how numerous are the discoveries that may be made, and how various the sciences that are called upon in solving the problems of the origins of men and animals. A broadcast talk which we publish this week by Mr. Peter Jewell on the subject of 'Buzzards and Barrows' offers some illumination upon this. Mr. Jewell is a biologist and he instances a number of fascinating discoveries made in the course of recent excavations. The biologist is able to help the archaeologist and vice versa. And not the mere biologist only—ecologists, ornithologists and osteologists are all called upon to play their part. The movements of rhinoceroses in the Ice Age have their significance; it is important to know that the water vole was abundant during the Bronze Age; and we must not forget that rabbits were introduced by our Norman conquerors.

Specialised techniques in aid of archaeology are extremely modern. Had they existed, for example, before the first German war the learned world might never have been deceived by the Piltdown Man. It is indeed an astonishing fact that there are popular books on pre-history published since the second German war which still beguile their readers with news of this incredible creature. But this is understandable enough if one reads in Mr. J. S. Weiner's profound examination of the subject of the elaborate and knowledgeable manner in which the Piltdown Man was faked. It was Dr. Oakley's application of fluorine tests that first confirmed suspicions about the genuineness of the anatomical remains. But afterwards the bones were tested with a Geiger counter to discover radio-activity (which should have been marked in a skull of vast antiquity) while an X-ray examination was applied to the crystal structure. These tests showed conclusively that there was no relationship whatever between the jaw and cranium dug up by an amateur archaeologist in Sussex.

Possibly these new techniques will help one day to throw further light on the dawn of mankind. Will the problem of the 'eoliths', for example, ever be resolved? Eoliths are supposed to be the earliest tools ever made by man—and it was tool-making that distinguished him from the intelligent ape. The 'discoverer' of Piltdown Man threw cold water upon the eoliths, and a local amateur archaeologist who believed in eoliths was the one man to declare from the very beginning that Piltdown Man was a forgery. All this goes to show that digging into the earliest past is fraught with traps and deceptions and that all discoveries and generalisations about it need to be tested and retested by every instrument known to modern science before they can be accepted as genuine additions to knowledge.

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on world affairs

ON JANUARY 8, after an attack by French aircraft upon positions on the Tunisian side of the border with Algeria, a Tunisian government *communiqué* announced the recall of its Ambassador in France and demanded the withdrawal of all French forces in Tunisia, including those at the naval base at Bizerta. In a broadcast from Tunis, President Bourguiba described the attack as 'horrible and premeditated murder'. In Morocco a spokesman expressed Moroccan solidarity with Tunisia. In France an official statement described the reports from Tunis as 'obviously inexact' and said the French air action followed repeated warnings to the Tunisian frontier post, from which many attacks had been made on French planes flying over Algeria. The French raid, it added, was directed against a group of Algerian rebels about half a mile from the village concerned and an anti-aircraft post. The French Defence Minister was quoted as saying that the action involved no more than the right of legitimate self-defence by French airmen. He added that Tunisia had become a highly developed operational base and that, without Tunisia's unceasing intervention, the French operations in Algeria would by now have come to an end.

Farther East, a 'United Arab Republic' was set up last week involving the union of Egypt and Syria, under the Presidency of President Nasser. From February 4 Cairo radio described itself as 'the United Arab Republic radio in Cairo'. The next day Cairo radio broadcast President Nasser's speech to the Egyptian National Assembly, in which he said a new light was dawning in the Arab world, with unity following the battles against imperialism, tyranny, and oppression. On the same day Cairo radio quoted the Crown Prince of the Yemen as saying in Cairo that the object of his presence there was to hold talks on federal union between the Yemen and the United Arab Republic. The proposed terms of the union, he said, included full integration of military and economic policy.

From India, *Hindu* was quoted as expressing the view that as Lebanon was not joining the Egypt-Syria union, and the two countries were geographically remote and had very different histories, the problem of integration would be extremely difficult. However, the Union might help to break the sense of isolation which had hitherto made Syria a helpless pawn of bigger Powers.

Athens radio quoted the Greek Foreign Minister as welcoming the Union as helping to consolidate peace and security in the Middle East. Comment from Moscow was reserved, and several Western commentators expressed the view that the Union may be displeasing to Moscow. *The New York Times* was quoted as saying:

All right-minded persons wish to see a greater degree of freedom for the Arab peoples. But it is hard to see how it will be achieved by government of Nasser, by Nasser, for Nasser.

From France, the left-wing *Combat*, commenting on the fact that the Union was brought about without any prior referendum, was quoted as asking:

Where are those rights of self-determination which the delegates of the Afro-Asian group defend at the United Nations?

Writing in the *Figaro*, M. François-Poncet was quoted as saying that the real threat to peace at the moment came from Soviet intrigues in the Middle East. He believed the Kremlin was behind the Egyptian-Syrian Union, and feared that by this Union Arab fanaticism would be fatally directed against Israel, whose existence the Western Powers had promised to defend.

From Yugoslavia, Zagreb radio noted profound divergencies of view in the West over Soviet sincerity in seeking a summit conference, and went on:

Indeed, the multiplicity of Soviet proposals which the public is unable to digest politically might create the impression that priority is given less to the suggested conference than to a desire to secure a certain propaganda success. Not to make allowances for this preconceived notion, whether justified or not, is to play into the hands of those forces which oppose an East-West *détente*. Diplomacy should here, too, attune itself to the world public to which it addresses itself.

Did You Hear That?

AIR SPACE IN EUROPE

THE PROBLEMS of how air space in Europe is to be shared and navigation rendered both efficient and safe are being discussed at a conference in Geneva under the auspices of the International Civil Aviation Authority, a United Nations agency. MARY GOLDRING, air correspondent of *The Economist*, talked of these problems in 'At Home and Abroad'.

'Do not think for one moment', she said, 'that the airlines fly as the crow flies, straight from A to B. They fly along prescribed air lanes, and when those lanes go across Europe, where you have one big city after another, they meander and zig-zag up and down as tortuously as a country road. The lane system came in with rising air traffic, rather like a system of three-dimensional railway lines, and its one object is to prevent the kind of mid-air collision that killed forty-eight people near Los Angeles some days ago.'

'Traffic in the lanes is controlled from stations along the ground, rather on the same principle as a railway signal-box. Your pilot chooses the height at which he is going to fly. My pilot comes along behind and is told by the ground controller that your aircraft is ahead of him at, say, 23,000 feet, so he has two courses open to him: he can either go 1,000 feet higher to 24,000 feet, or stay at 23,000 but keep ten minutes' flying time behind. This means about forty miles. These are the international rules. Pilots do not have to fly in an air lane, but most of them do so for safety, and, once in, they have to obey the ground controllers.'

'When the ground controller has got really first-class radar cover he can let the aircraft come much closer together. The best example is in southern England around London airport; here the controllers can let aircraft come as close as three miles to each other.'

'You can imagine how all the vertical layers inside the lane can become used up as these air lanes become crowded. At peak traffic hours—and people always want to take off and land at the same time—there are going to be groups of aircraft all converging on the same airport. This is leading to serious congestion. Sometimes conditions are chaotic. The conference now meeting at Geneva is trying to re-draw the air-lane system in the Europe-Mediterranean area. The last time this was done was 1948, and air traffic has increased about 300 per cent. since then.'

'First of all, there is a great deal of re-organising to be done at the lower levels. But the really vital, worrying discussions are about what is going to happen higher up, in the seven- to eight-mile region where the jets fly. The jet airliners will be coming into Europe, in quantity, from next year onwards and they do not like flying low. The trouble is, however, that the military, with their jet fighters and their jet bombers, have always had this region to themselves, and you cannot have jet fighters swooping in and out among the airliners. It is going to call for some delicate negotiation to get these Nato aircraft to give up some of their stratosphere to civil traffic. We have already had the same difficulty in this country; and with this experience behind them, British delegates are pressing for one or two high-altitude trunk routes across Europe to be allocated to civil jets—lanes which the military aircraft would avoid. There are still some optimists among the European delegates who think that it would be feasible to mark out huge areas, rather than narrow lanes, in which all aircraft would give their position loud and clear, so that neighbours can avoid them. This system could work only if aircraft really know where they are at any one time, and probably they



Beryl Grey, partnered by Y. Kondratov, dancing in 'Swan Lake' at the Bolshoi Theatre, Moscow, last December

do not. The instruments they carry now are not accurate enough for this: the altimeter, to take one example, is subject to sixteen different sources of error. And the radar cover in Europe is not comprehensive enough to provide any substitute.

'In case you wonder how two huge aircraft, weighing fifty to 100 tons apiece, could possibly collide in mid-air, remember that two jet aircraft flying at what is the relatively slow jet speed of 500 miles an hour are bearing down on each other at a speed of 1,000 miles an hour. At these speeds pilots cannot see each other. Here is a true story to prove it. Not so many years ago a jet bomber in the United States broke away from its formation and turned to go home. By accident it flew head-on through the middle of the remaining formation of five aircraft, took five feet off the tail of one of them and nearly tore out the engine of another. None of the pilots, including the intruder, knew that a thing had happened until they landed'.

A BRITISH BALLERINA IN RUSSIA

Speaking of her experience as foreign guest ballerina with the Bolshoi Theatre Ballet Company BERYL GREY said in a Home Service talk:

'It was inspiring to watch the Russians dance, whether at rehearsals or at performances. They have such fluid and expressive arms and they are so wonderfully light when they jump. I was impressed, too, by their arched backs, beautifully stretched feet, and many other things. Perhaps what impressed me most was their great capacity for living a role. In the mad scene in "Giselle", for example, I felt that the dramatic tension they created on the stage heightened my own performance. They have a strong dramatic technique as well as a highly developed dramatic sense.'

'I remember well the first time I walked on to the Bolshoi stage. It was after watching an exciting performance of "Swan Lake" in which Maya Plisetskaya had danced the leading role. She is generally accepted as their finest Odette-Odile today. She and the rest of the company greeted me with loud applause. Then again, on the stage before my "dress rehearsal", Yuri Faier, the most sympathetic conductor one could wish for, gave a warm speech of welcome and introduced me to all the orchestra and they all stood up and clapped.'

'The same sort of welcome was also given to me by the

audience, over 2,000 strong. The moment I made my entrance that opening night in "Swan Lake" there was a big burst of applause. I knew then the audience were with me and eager to welcome a foreign artist. Maya Plisetskaya had written in a Moscow newspaper that my appearance was awaited with great interest, particularly as the English dancer was to dance "Swan Lake", a ballet which makes so many and so varied demands on a performer, and is considered the zenith of Russian classical choreography; so I knew the English dancer was being watched critically as well.

'Speaking professionally I thought the tour was a hard one. I gave on an average three performances of full length classical ballets a week, for three weeks (with long-distance travelling squeezed in between, too). Vachtang Chaboukiani was originally intended to be my partner. After two days of rehearsal with him, I felt the process of mutual adaptation was progressing well enough for me not to be intimidated at the thought of taking my first rehearsal on the stage with the company the next day. However, when the next day came, just as I was going on the stage, the director and other members of the staff approached me with very long, grave faces. They said: Chaboukiani has injured his knee, and won't be able to dance. But before I had recovered from my bewilderment, I was rehearsing with a new partner, Yuri Kondratov. He partners Plisetskaya and Ulanova—and a more understanding and sensitive partner I could not have wished for.

'I danced both "Swan Lake" and "Giselle", and found that the choreography in Russia differed considerably from the British versions I know, and also from company to company. For instance, the Fourth Act of "Swan Lake" as it is given by the Bolshoi is completely different from the Covent Garden version, both musically and choreographically. Most of the music in this Act I had not heard before. In this Fourth Act there are many big lifts of a type which I had never done before and which, to my great delight, I learned to do quickly. The men are well trained in all types of partnering'.

GAINSBOROUGH'S HOUSE IN SUFFOLK

The house in which Thomas Gainsborough was born is to be developed as a permanent memorial, under the auspices of the Historic Buildings Council and the National Trust. It is in Sudbury, Suffolk, and there, too, some of Gainsborough's kinsmen lie buried. A statue of him in breeches and long coat, with his brush and palette in his hand, stands at the top of a street now called Gainsborough Street. S. F. WESTON visited Sudbury, and spoke about the scheme in 'The Eye-witness'.

'What Sudbury is out to do', he said, 'is to make this house a place of pilgrimage for all who love Gainsborough's paintings. I saw a drawing of the house dating from the early eighteenth century. It looks different now but Gainsborough would almost certainly remember the façade and the big front room. It is Tudor in origin, but with a big, square, respectable-looking Georgian façade.

'Having bought the house, the local committee intends to press ahead with the next stage, which is to tackle the Historic Buildings Council for a grant. Then, it is hoped that the National Trust, which has already promised to give £500 towards the endowment, will take the house over. The next step will be to

furnish part of it in the style of Gainsborough's day, with genuine Gainsborough relics, to throw it open to literary and musical societies and for other cultural purposes, and generally to preserve the birthplace of one of England's greatest artists.

'The Mayor of Sudbury said an original Gainsborough painting has already been offered and that a "genuine" forgery was on its way too, sent by a well-wisher in British Columbia. No doubt the Sudbury Corporation will come forward with Gainsborough's fine tortoiseshell snuff-box, which is one of the town's treasures'.

FRENCH COOKING TODAY

'Some weeks ago', said THOMAS CADETT, B.B.C. Paris correspondent, in 'From Our Own Correspondent', 'I tried to answer the question: Are the wines of France as good as they used to be?

Briefly summarised my answer was: yes and no; that the great wines are still great, but that some growers have lowered their standards because of the huge demand for the vintage wine. Now I have been set another poser. Is French cooking on the decline or not? Once again my answer is: yes and no.

'You will still find superb cooking in many restaurants, both Parisian and provincial. Keeping a watchful eye upon them is the famous *Guide Michelin*. The severity of their inspectors' judgement is shown by the fact that last year only eleven establishments in the whole country were awarded the coveted three stars, meaning: "One of the best tables in France—worth a special journey". Fifty-five more got the two stars, meaning: "Worth a detour", and 600 got the single star for: "A good meal in its class". These figures, however, are around the average over recent years, and apart from that there are many other excellent places not mentioned by the *Guide Michelin*, since its inspectors cannot be everywhere.

'So the quality is still there. Nevertheless, there has been a decline in the nation's eating-out habits on the whole. In the old days practically everyone who did not go home for lunch had his or her favourite restaurant where good use was made of the two-hour midday interval. But now the curse of speed lies heavy over the land, and today more and more plate-glass and chromium, neon-lit monstrosities, calling themselves "Snacks", are springing up, to deal out hasty doses of indigestion to their customers.

'What about cooking in the home? Here, again, some noble kitchen-work is done in the stately homes of town and country, in bourgeois flat and rustic cottage, but here again, too, there has been a sad decline in some standards, with speed the culprit yet once more. This is partly because many more women are at work than ever before, and they go for something quick and simple, a steak, for example, or a cut of fish, or a piece of liver. This demand is reflected in prices. Before the war, butchers here used practically to give liver away, now it costs nearly 10s. a pound. Hake, which was dirt cheap before the war, varies now between 7s. and 9s. a pound. Why hake, you may ask? Simply because it is easy and quick to cook and has practically no bones. It is true that some simple meals may be superb, but they are less likely to be so in France than in England, anyhow as far as meat is concerned. It is rare, indeed, to find French beef, lamb, or pork that in flavour comes anywhere near the variety available in Britain, including both Argentine beef and New Zealand lamb'.



The statue of Gainsborough in Sudbury, Suffolk

A. F. Kersting

Law in Action

The Elephant and the Midgets

By A. G. GUEST

ELEPHANTS, so travellers say, can be terrified by the sight of a mouse. Whether this is correct or not, I do not know, but I think that there may be an element of truth in the story, at any rate to judge from the case of *Behrens v. Bertram Mills Circus, Ltd.*,¹ which was decided by Mr. Justice Devlin not long ago. The facts of this case were rather curious. To begin with, the plaintiffs, Mr. and Mrs. Behrens, were neither of them more than three feet high. They were, in fact, midgets, and they had a booth at the circus where they used to exhibit themselves to the public. The booth was situated in a passage-way along which the circus elephants passed on their way to and from the ring. In front of the booth sat their manager-impresario, a Mr. Whitehead, whose job it was to take the money and to do his best to entice the public in to see the entertainment.

The Yapping Pomeranian

One Saturday afternoon, Mr. Whitehead brought his two children to see the circus. One of them, his little daughter, brought her Pomeranian dog with her. While the children went off to see the side-shows, Whitehead tied the dog's lead to the leg of his chair in order to prevent it from wandering. Now it happened that, about two o'clock, when the elephants were walking in procession to the ring and the third elephant, Bullu, was just passing the booth, the little dog broke free and ran out, barking and snapping. Bullu, who was a perfectly docile elephant and who had never given trouble before, was thrown into a panic by this event. She trumpeted with fear. The dog turned to go back into the booth and Bullu went after it. In so doing, she knocked down the front part of the booth, injuring Mr. and Mrs. Behrens, who were inside. Mr. and Mrs. Behrens brought an action against the circus, the owners of the elephant, and recovered damages totalling nearly £3,500.

I am sure that all of us will feel a great deal of sympathy for Mr. and Mrs. Behrens in view of the injuries which they suffered. But it may seem a little hard that the circus owners should have to pay out so large a sum when they were in no way to blame for what had happened. Why should the law impose this liability upon them? Why hold them responsible for the sudden panic of an elephant which had never before exhibited ferocity of any kind? Why should they have to bear the loss when the accident was occasioned by someone else's dog, over which they had no control?

In the English law of torts, or civil wrongs, two general principles can be discerned. The first is that a person will be held liable for damage done to another if he was in some way at fault. The law demands, in fact, that he should have been guilty of wilful misconduct or of negligence, of conduct falling below the standard of a reasonable man, before he can be made to pay. The second principle, which is more limited in extent, is that a person who causes harm to another as the result of a dangerous situation which he himself has created is bound to compensate the person injured whether or not he was in any way at fault. He bears the risk, so to speak, of his activity, or, as lawyers say, he is subject to the rule of strict liability.

The branch of the law with which we are here concerned, that of dangerous animals, is an example of the latter principle, of strict liability. From a very early time the law has divided animals into two classes. First, there are animals *ferae naturae*, or wild by nature—those which are not domesticated and which are dangerous to mankind. Examples of such animals are lions, tigers, monkeys and performing bears. The owner of one of these animals must keep it in proper custody. If he does not do so, and it escapes and causes damage, he is strictly liable whether or not he was in any way at fault. Secondly, there are animals *mansuetae naturae*, or tame by nature, such as dogs, cats, sheep and cattle. In order to establish liability for an animal of this kind, a plaintiff must

prove that it had previously shown a vicious tendency, and that its owner knew of this tendency. So, for example, if your dog bites the postman, the postman will have to prove that it had bitten, or attempted to bite, someone before. The old saying that a dog is allowed his first bite free of charge is therefore not quite accurate, for if it were true, it would mean that the owner of a dog who had observed a hundred previous attempts by the animal to get his teeth into the postman would nevertheless escape liability when at last the postman's agility failed him.

Into which of these two categories did Bullu, the elephant, come? She was a perfectly docile elephant, with a spotless record and accustomed to discipline. Was she then legally tame or legally wild? The answer is that elephants are, as a species, dangerous to man. It is therefore no defence to show that the particular animal was of a placid disposition. This being so, there was no need for Mr. and Mrs. Behrens to prove that Bullu had ever tried to injure anyone before. Her owners were strictly liable, even though they had not been negligent in any way.

The test, then, is whether the animal is, as a species, dangerous to mankind. Some people might therefore think it paradoxical that the law does not limit the liability of the owner to cases where the animal wilfully and deliberately sets out to attack a human being. But it does not do so. Bullu, for example, was not out to hurt Mr. and Mrs. Behrens. She merely panicked at the sight of the dog. Yet the circus was still held liable. It might seem hard that the owner should be made responsible for damage which did not result from the elephant's supposed vicious propensity. But there is a good reason for this. The principle of strict liability demands that the person who creates the risk should be liable for all the consequences which are within that risk. It is clear that there are more consequences within the risk of keeping a dangerous animal such as an elephant or a tiger than that a bystander should be deliberately trampled upon or eaten. Elephants are large, unwieldy creatures, with a considerable capacity for incidental damage, even if only by putting a foot wrong. And as for tigers, as Mr. Justice Devlin himself pointed out, 'If a person wakes up in the middle of the night and finds an escaping tiger on top of his bed and suffers a heart attack, it would be nothing to the point that the intentions of the tiger were quite amiable'.

The Dog That Bit the Housemaid

Finally, we come to the real villain of the piece, the Pomeranian dog. The circus owners contended that they were freed from liability by the wrongful act of a third party, Whitehead, who had permitted the dog to be brought on to the premises. In an earlier case, however, it had been decided that this was no defence. This case was *Baker v. Snell*², where the defendant, a publican, owned a dog which he knew to be dangerous. He entrusted the dog to his potman, who rashly wagered his fellow servants assembled in the kitchen for breakfast that it would not bite anyone if set free. He then let the dog go, saying 'Go it, Bob'. The dog did 'go it' and bit a housemaid. The majority of the Court of Appeal considered that the owner was still liable for the bite, even though the injury was brought about as the result of the voluntary act of a third party. Here, again, we see the principle of strict liability at work. The duty of the owner is not merely to use reasonable care, but to protect others against the dangerous situation which he has created. He cannot therefore excuse himself by showing that it was not his fault that the animal escaped.

Is this principle of strict liability a good one? In 1953, a committee set up by the Lord Chancellor under the chairmanship of the Lord Chief Justice, Lord Goddard, reported on the law relating to liability for dangerous animals³. It recommended that the two ancient categories of animals *ferae* and animals *mansuetae naturae* should be abolished, and that liability should be based

¹ [1957] 2 Q.B. 1. ² [1908] 2 K.B. 825. ³ Report of the Committee on the Law of Civil Liability for Damage done by Animals, 1953 (Cmd. 8746)

squarely on negligence. This report has never been implemented by statute. Perhaps subsequent reflection has shown that the principle of strict liability is a sound one, and that, in certain circumstances, it is more capable of achieving a just result than that of negligence. This indeed is my belief.

Why? In the first place, it is by no means an unsound principle that a person who creates a dangerous situation should bear the risk if anything goes wrong. In 1866, in the leading case of *Fletcher v. Rylands*⁴, Mr. Justice Blackburn laid down the rule that the person who for his own purposes brings on his lands and collects and keeps there anything likely to do mischief if it escapes, must keep it in at his peril, and, if he does not do so, is *prima facie* answerable for all the damage which is the natural consequence of its escape. This rule was subsequently affirmed by the House of Lords. So, for example, a person who builds a reservoir or a chemical factory on his land must protect his neighbours against any escape of the water, or any explosion in the factory. He has created the danger; he must bear the risk. The same is true of dangerous animals. People who keep such animals do so because they choose to do so, and for their own advantage. It is seldom one wakes up to find an unwanted elephant on one's hands. The owner chooses to expose others to a possible risk of injury, and it is he who should pay the bill.

Bearing the Loss

Secondly, the principle of strict liability is more in accord with the social realities of a civilised society. In such a society, the question to be answered is frequently not 'Who is at fault?', but 'Who is best able to bear the loss?' One of the chief heads of strict liability in English law is the duty laid upon an employer by the Factories Act, 1937, to protect his employees against injury from unfenced machinery. This is not imposed simply to make the employer more careful, for he may also be liable to a fine in a criminal court. Nor is it imposed simply to reduce the possibility of accidents by ensuring that the machine is reasonably safe. Indeed, the House of Lords has held that there is a duty to fence even though the machine may be thereby rendered unworkable⁵. It is imposed because accidents do happen if machinery is not fenced, and the employer is in a better position to compensate his employee than the employee is to bear what may be, for him, a catastrophic loss. The employer will ordinarily insure against this risk, and the cost of the premiums will become part of the normal running costs of his organisation. In the case of dangerous animals, the argument may not seem so clear, but it is still valid. It is up to the person who keeps the animal to insure against such events. For a relatively small premium he can purchase immunity, whereas the innocent victim has no choice but to bear the loss himself.

Finally, we may ask, if one of two blameless persons has to suffer, ought it not to be he who created the danger rather than he who was injured as a result? Those who dislike the doctrine of strict liability have never produced a satisfactory answer to this question. They contend, however, that it is nevertheless unjust to force a person to pay unless he has been guilty of some moral fault. The difficulty about this argument is that the spheres of law and morals are not necessarily coterminous. Even where the law imposes liability on the basis of negligence, it does not do so on the ground that the defendant is morally to blame. It is sufficient that he has fallen below the standard of a reasonable man in the circumstances.

Suppose, for instance, that the driver of a car knocks down a pedestrian. The driver may, as a person, be unusually slow in his reactions, or unusually forgetful. Or he may simply be tired after a hard day's work. But this will not affect his liability to the pedestrian in negligence, even though, perhaps, it would excuse him from moral blame. If he has fallen below the standard of a reasonable man, he will be made to pay. Conversely, there may be moral fault without legal liability. Take the law relating to omissions to act. If you sit by the side of a lake and watch me drown, you will not be liable to my widow in damages, even though you could quite easily have saved me without risk to yourself. The law merely demands that you should use reasonable care to avoid damage to me by positive acts. It imposes no liability upon you for failure to come to my aid.

Yet, you may ask, does not the law punish an unsuccessful defendant by making him pay damages to the injured party? And is it not ethically offensive to punish people who are in no way at fault? The answer is that it is misleading to conceive of damages in a civil action as punishment. The object of the law of torts is to compensate the plaintiff for the damage which he has suffered. It is not to punish the defendant for the wrong which he has done. In considering the circumstances in which this compensation should be paid, the law may well reflect moral attitudes, but it need not necessarily be coincident with them. It is entitled to take into account a number of social factors which are morally irrelevant. And so when the law decides that the loss should fall on the person who has created the danger, or on the person who is best able to bear the loss, there is nothing immoral or unethical in this decision. The law operates in a social context, and it is bound to consider what is socially expedient when arriving at a conclusion.

This does not mean that the principle of strict liability demands that, whenever anyone is injured, someone must pay. It only applies to those situations and activities which are ultra-hazardous, which by their very nature bring with them an increased danger to others. Moreover, the law has to balance the social advantages of a particular action against the likelihood of damage which may be caused to individuals as a result. Many people, for example, would consider that a motor vehicle was every bit as dangerous as an elephant or a performing bear. But road transport is a normal and necessary part of our modern social life, and it might place an unduly heavy economic burden upon vehicle owners if they were made subject to liability without fault. Nevertheless, if the legislature were to decide that strict liability, coupled with some form of compulsory insurance, was to be the rule here, as it is in certain continental countries, it would merely be making a reassessment of the situation from a different social standpoint.

Once, however, it is admitted that ideas of social utility may determine the criterion of liability, the Achilles' heel of the doctrine is laid bare. 'I am by no means sure', said Baron Bramwell⁶, 'that if a man kept a tiger, and lightning broke his chain, and he got loose and did mischief, that the man who kept him would not be liable'. But why should this be so? It is one thing to say that the defendant must bear the risk, and another to say that he must do so in any event, however improbable or remote. Why should the law not allow the defendant to raise as a defence that the escape was caused by an 'Act of God', or by the voluntary act of a third party which he could not foresee or prevent? Need strict liability be quite so strict? Could not there be some half-way house between negligence and the assumption of risk?

My own opinion is that the law must make up its mind one way or the other, between protection and culpability. But social considerations do not necessarily demand this rigid division, and you may very well disagree. One thing, however, is certain: your conclusion would not have been without interest to the two midget plaintiffs who were injured by Bullu, the elephant.

—Third Programme

Wine for Winter

The golden swimmers are reaped.
The winter water is growing.
The ripened sailboats are heaped.
The wind is mowing.

Still lie the husked seashells
That rang with the racket of summer;
Flowered and gone, their bells,
Along with the sun's bong and drummer.

Now autumn, sun's distiller,
Bottles ripe gold to pour in pallid winter;
Blending hale days—stock for the gusty vintner
To store against cold in his yellow cellar.

RALPH POMEROY

⁴ (1866), L.R. 1 Ex. 265, affirmed sub. nom. *Rylands v. Fletcher* (1868), L.R. 3 H.L. 330. ⁵ *John Summers and Sons, Ltd. v. Frost*, [1955] A.C. 740. ⁶ *Nichols v. Marsland* (1875), L.R. 10 Ex. 255, at page 260. See also Professor A. L. Goodhart on 'The Third Man or Novus Actus Interveniens' in [1951] *Current Legal Problems*, page 177.

Travelling in the Sahara

By NIGEL HESELTINE

I HAVE never been able to explain to my friends, or to anyone else, why I travel in the Sahara. Most of them seem to be sorry for me and cannot imagine why anyone should voluntarily venture into what they imagine an empty void of heat, sand, and rocks. I find the best way is to project coloured photographs, and invariably after two or three I hear cries of delight at the striking unfamiliar colours, the shape of the country; and cries of surprise at the height of the mountains. Really the Sahara is a living thing, and except for an inorganic belt about 200 miles wide which runs right across the middle into the Libyan sand sea, you are never far from a tree or a bird, or flowers or insects. Even man, nomadic man that is, is nearer than you think and always on the move, and may silently appear when you least expect him.

I have crossed the Sahara twice, alone, from Algiers to Lagos and from the Gold Coast to Morocco, and twice in company, from Libya to Lake Chad and back. I have shivered in the bitter cold of the Sahara dawn, gone to sleep in the immense silence of night blazing under the full moon, drunk my tea looking at the bombardment of shooting stars that takes place every evening after dark for two or three hours. Every day I have seen air and sky dissolve into a grey fog of shimmering heat, out of which I thankfully emerged at sunset to hurry into a pullover as the thermometer fell fifty degrees in half an hour.

The traveller in the Sahara quickly comes to have the same point of view as the nomadic people who live there. The nomad must move in order to survive. He is nomadic because the grazing for his animals and the water in the wells is too scarce to allow him to stay in one place. But from being forced to move he has grown to love it. For the nomad, houses are dirty, stuffy places to live in, and he cannot conceive of any life except that which gives him hundreds of miles of empty space in which to move. The magic of the Sahara is in the empty space (it is as large as Australia), the silence, the variety of a landscape which may give you featureless plains like an endless sea, mountains of 12,000 feet, wooded valleys full of birds, or the famous dunes.

I remember a valley north of the Tibesti where the southern frontier of Libya is a line across the map, where thousands of gazelles were grazing. As my Landrover approached, they looked up and moved off in little groups to stand and gaze; they had

never been hunted. Then there was a valley in the sandstone mountains of the Ennedi near the frontier of the Sudan where suddenly the trees were full of little woven bags hanging like coconuts, and the weaver birds who made them flew in packs



Drawing water from a well in one of the Sahara's oases

Aerofilms

with long blue tails. There is the plain of the Tanezrouft between the Niger and Morocco where you navigate towards a featureless horizon like a calm ocean; and then suddenly see the towering dunes of the Edeyen of Mourzouch which are sometimes full of water with springs at the foot; in among these dunes there is good grazing which the nomads seek out after the winter rains.

The oases are not the gardens of Allah you might imagine. There is a large palm grove which you see from afar like a dark smudge long before you see the little huddle of brown houses. Under the palms are gardens watered from the wells in which vegetables and a little grain is grown. The town will usually have a ruined fort—a ksar—relic of the times, only forty years ago, when the nomads raided every year in the autumn to carry away dates, grain, and slaves. There will probably be modern French or Libyan administrative buildings, and, where there is trade or prospecting, a bar and a little hotel. Few of the Saharan oases, south of the great palm groves of Algeria and Morocco and the cities of the Mزاب, have much to offer. Some, like Adrar or El Golea, are



'Le Trou au Natron' in the Tibesti mountains of the Sahara, south of Libya

R. Akhurst

bare and depressing outside their gardens, but by contrast there is Tamanrasset with its tamarisks and orange-groves; or Agadès, the southern capital of the Touareg, with its conical-towered mosque and cheerful Haussa-Touareg people; or Ghat, the Libyan frontier town whose houses are timbered with cedar beams cut in the vanished forests of the Tassili, where stupendous rock paintings of hunters and cattle people are found.

But here to live is to move, and after two days in among the sedentaries the Saharan traveller grows impatient. Where he welcomed the little houses, the douche and the friendly beer on arrival, he begins to see only dust and children with flies clustered round their eyes. When the oasis is out of sight and he is again slowly and painfully on the long road to his night's camp, he is thankful for the welcome he had the night before but also thankful to leave it.

Those who are truly 'bitten' by the Sahara can never leave it



Camel with a load of firewood in one of the villages of the Sahara
Aerofilms

for long. At first its vast silence shuts them out from the 'normal' world, but it ends by becoming the world. There is an old retired officer in Agadès who has been back to France once in forty years—and he stayed two days. I met an ex-Hungarian legionary selling petrol to trucks in El Golea; his only regret was that he was not in an even more deserted place, far to the south in the mountains of the Hoggar. No man can pretend for long to be what he is not in the desert. And it is not by accident, either, that three of the world's great religions have been born in the desert.

Who lives in the Sahara? Theoretically about 2,000,000 people, but they are scattered from the Atlantic to the Nile. The Arabs, the Bedawi, keep within 100 miles or so of the Mediterranean, and the dominant race of the desert is the Berber, becoming more and more mixed with the African as you go further south. There are the famous Touareg—the men with the blue veils, which, by the way, conceal no other mystery than faces which I have always found rather unpleasing. Some people think they are descended from Crusaders because of the shape of the hilts of their swords, but they are more probably the remains of ancient Libyans. The cross is found widely spread as an ornament among the people of the southern Sahara, but nearly all these have been pushed there by invasions from the north, and North Africa was Christian long before it was Moslem.

In the Tibesti mountains, south of Libya and higher again than the Hoggar, are the far more interesting Toubbou, the unapproachable 'men of the rocks', with dark skins but long thin Hamitic faces. In Mauretania there are the splendid *grands nomades*, with sumptuous tents, and carpets which recall the Bedawi princes of Arabia. South from Morocco there are the last professional hunters, a little tribe of only 200 people, called the Nomadi, the remains of an earlier way of life before the nomad moved in with his animals. Then in the oases are the sedentaries, black and negroid, descendants of former slaves for

the most part, but mixed with all the peoples who have crossed and recrossed the Sahara. They are the cultivators who work the little channels under the palm-trees, who attend to the wells and irrigation-channels, who pick the dates and fertilise the palm-trees. And the nomads pity them because they must stay in one place and bend their backs to the soil.

This pattern of life is not so timeless as it would appear. The camel, for instance, came in from the east only about 2,000 years ago and had the same effect on desert travel as the sailing ship on the ocean. Previously men travelled from Africa to the Mediterranean using oxen who can go at most only two days without drinking. But what has happened to the wells at which they drank? And why are the mountains of the Hoggar and Tibesti carved by great valleys where water now runs only after heavy rain? Rock paintings and drawings found all over the Sahara show us African animals like ostriches, giraffes, elephants, even hippopotamuses and rhinoceroses, far to the north of where they are found today. Archaeological remains which in the Sahara are left so conveniently by the wind on the surface, instead of having to be dug for, show thick settlements along now dried-up valleys. Above all, the paintings show great herds of cattle where there is now barely grazing for a camel.

What happened to the Sahara, and when did hippos and crocodiles cease to live in rivers that are now dry wadis? The answer is that it happened very gradually, beginning perhaps with changes in climate following the retreat of the European Ice-cap about 10,000 years ago: 7,000 to 5,000 years ago, the cattle-people covered the Sahara, and probably hastened the drying up by destroying the delicate balance of vegetation. Certainly the Sahara was never covered by forest since remote geological periods, but in fairly recent times the oases were much larger patches of African bush, the wadis ran longer, and the lakes never completely dried out. But where the desert is advancing man has helped it on, by uprooting for firewood everything that his animals cannot eat.

How will the new industries we hear about affect the desert? They will affect some parts of it very much, but I do not think they will cause it to blossom. If you look at the map where oil has been found in the corner between Algeria and Libya, it is a tiny part of the whole Sahara. In the mountains of the Hoggar and Tibesti there may be any quantity of minerals, and in many places there is no lack of water if you go deep enough and can pump it up a few thousand feet. The problem is, if there is anything valuable in the Sahara, how to get it out. The distances are colossal, the terrain and the weather quickly destroy vehicles, dust and hot air currents make flying difficult. Anything up to 1,500 miles might separate mines or industrial settlements from the sea. Roads could be built, but their upkeep under Saharan conditions would itself be a major undertaking. A railway would represent a fantastic capital and maintenance cost compared with the resources to be exploited. Unless something very valuable, that can be exploited in little packages, turns up in the Hoggar or Tibesti they are likely to remain as they are. If the oil fields live up to their promise there will certainly be oil-towns, but these are on the fringe of the Great Desert. Artificial oases can and certainly will be created round the new oil towns, but these are only pin-pricks on the map.

The desert is not going to flower because of oil, but round its edges, where man, not so much climate, has let in the desert by destroying trees and grasses with his hatchet and his animals, prosperity can be restored to at least the level attained by the Romans in Libya and Tunisia, or the Seleucids in the Fertile Crescent. The cost of pushing back the Sahara from the shores of the Mediterranean, and from the bush country of Africa, would be a fraction of the capital needed to exploit mineral deposits 1,500 miles from any outlet. There are riches to be had in the Sahara, if they can be got out, but not at the cost of increasing still further the greatest of all deserts.—*Home Service*

Mr. George F. Kennan's 1957 Reith Lectures have now been published as a book under the title *Russia, the Atom, and the West* (Oxford, 10s. 6d.). Mr. Kennan has written a foreword and added a seventh lecture on 'Anglo-American Relations' which was not delivered for reasons explained at the beginning of Mr. Kennan's sixth lecture.

Firearms of the Eighteenth Century

By W. KEITH NEAL

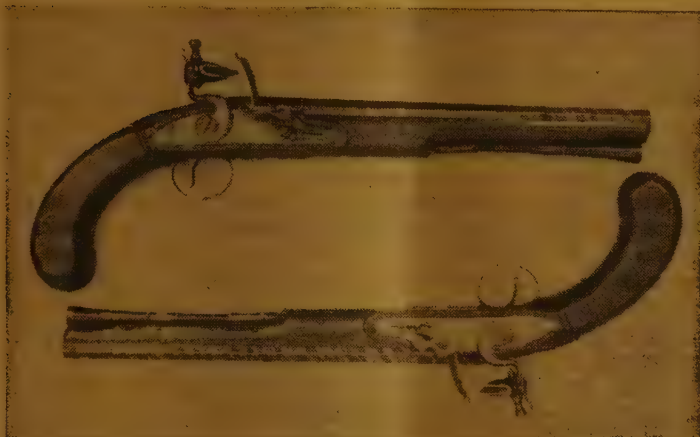
DUELLING with pistols came into vogue in the eighteenth century as a fairer method than the use of rapiers; it tended to discourage the bully from picking quarrels with others he knew to be less skilled. The pistol was an equaliser. One of the last duels to be fought with pistols in England took place under the shadow of the windmill on Wimbledon Common. One of the combatants was Lord Cardigan, later to become famous as a hero of the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava. Many famous people such as the Duke of York and the Duke of Wellington fought duels with pistols, and the weapons they actually used are still in existence.

It so happened that the period when duelling pistols were first being made coincided with the time when gunmaking in our country had pretty well reached its zenith. This was from about 1770 to the end of the century. From then onward the high standard continued and our reputation as the finest gunmakers in the world was established. The important period is the one when everyone is trying his hardest to get to the top. These thirty years from 1770 onwards are the vintage years of the duelling pistol.

Until the advent of the duelling pistol, arms were sold in



Highly ornamented flint-lock duelling pistols by S. Brunn, Charing Cross, London: dated on the silver hall-mark 1800, and reputed to have belonged to the Prince Regent



Flint-lock vintage duelling pistols by John Twigg, London, c. 1775

thick, brightly coloured woollen bags made of blanket cloth, or in leather holsters. But with the duelling pistol came the handsome wooden case of oak or best Honduras mahogany, lined throughout with Irish baize, and containing all the necessary appurtenances. The first of them had a brass drop handle on the top of Chippendale style, and a collector who can find a set of this kind complete with all its original equipment is indeed fortunate.

The first duelling pistols had long, light barrels as much as twelve inches in length and often of Spanish form—that is octagonal at the breech and round towards the muzzle. They had good sights and the locks were furnished with adjustable hair triggers which could

be set to suit the nerves or mood of the shooter. They were stocked right up to the muzzle and the grips were without any checkering, but they were frequently flattened down the sides to assist the shooter to hold his pistol square. One of the finest of these early makers was the firm Griffin and Tow of Bond Street, and a pair of their duelling pistols is a great prize for any collector. Another great maker, and incidentally my own favourite, was John Twigg of Piccadilly. He made his barrels octagonal for the whole length; on the stocks behind the breech was a finely carved shell design, and his grips were often hatched with a design of triangles with a dot in the centre. It was this first form of hatching that later developed into the fine checkering which has become standard today.

In its earliest form it had a variety of patterns, calling for much skill and ingenuity. Different makers had their pet designs, and the connoisseur can tell a vintage Twigg immediately by the wide coarse checkering, whereas a Durs Egg pistol had alternate lines of deep and shallow cut, with stars in the intersections. Forgeries of Twigg's work are not unknown, but the genuine ones can always be recognised. The barrels should bear his mark, 'I.T.', below a crown and his signature should always be in script with two loops below it. His vintage pistols always had the acorn finial to the trigger guard and the mounts were usually of engraved steel fire blued. Some of his pistols, however, were silver mounted,

and these will carry the London hall mark and the silver mark of John King. He was one of the greatest English gunmakers. Apprenticed in 1714 he was still alive in 1790, and many gunmakers who were later to become household words learned their trade from him. One of his pupils was John Manton, who rose to be foreman of Twigg's before setting up on his own in Dover Street in about 1780. His early duelling pistols followed so closely the lines of his master



A typical case of Wogdon's flint-lock duelling pistols, made about 1780

Illustrations from the collection of W. K. Neal

that there is little but the name to distinguish them.

Of all the makers of duelling pistols the name of Wogdon is the best known. Unlike all the others who made guns and pistols of every variety, Wogdon was a maker of duelling pistols almost to the exclusion of anything else. A common saying in those days about a quarrel which had gone beyond the scope of the law was to refer to it as 'Wogdon's Case'. All the pistols of this period were made to measure. They were literally tailored to fit the hands and the muscles of the man who ordered them. No one knew better than Wogdon how to achieve this end. His style was unique and can be told at a glance, and yet every pair of pistols he made, though differing in weight or length, show his classic line. His first pistols had barrels in the French style, that is round in section with a flat rib filed along the top. Later he made his barrels octagonal for their full length and he always carried the stocks right up to the muzzle. His stocks were made to curve round more than in the normal pistol, and by making them small in the grip he followed the curve round to swell out at the butt which acted as a counterweight and produced perfect balance.

Natural Prolongation of the Arm

All the duelling pistols of the early period were fine, light handling weapons. Perfectly fitted, they became as it were a natural prolongation of the arm. In rapid shooting aiming was instinctive, and in fixing the eye firmly on the target the pistol could be brought to bear instantly, and with practice the aim came up perfectly every time. To handle a finely balanced duelling pistol today is a thrill to anyone who likes shooting. They were the product of an age when a person's life depended on his skill with such a pistol, and many officers carried replicas of their favourite duelling pistols in battle, the only difference being that the bores were usually larger to take service ammunition.

These fine handling, light duelling pistols shot well within their limits as smooth bores. To get the best result from them certain important facts had to be observed. Ammunition had to be absolutely perfect. Bullets made by hand in a mould vary in weight; each one had to be checked and those which were imperfect discarded. Pure lead of the correct temperature poured into a mould already smoked inside gave the best results. A greased linen patch of exactly the right consistency to give a perfect gas check had to be prepared. The locks had to be checked to give the quickest possible ignition by setting the flint exactly right and the hair trigger adjusted to suit the shooter's nerves. The interior of the bore had to be absolutely clean and highly polished. The first shot, provided all these conditions were attended to, was dead accurate up to twenty yards, if the shooter did his part. But after three or four shots have been fired from any smooth-bore duelling pistol the accuracy falls off rapidly. Then the barrel has to be washed out with cold water, dried and oiled. Oiling alone is not sufficient. As a matter of interest, a test made recently by a professional ballistics expert using a flint-lock duelling pistol by Mortimer with a ten-and-a-half-inch, smooth-bore barrel of the 1790 vintage showed that it was capable of hitting a man-size target three times out of four at eighty-five yards. This was off-hand steady aimed shooting using the hair trigger.

By 1785 there were many fine makers entering the field, and the three most important were John Manton, Durs Egg, and Mortimer. John Manton's earlier weapons were very good. They can be distinguished by having very flat-sided stocks and coarse checkering. The quality was superlative. His locks were often fitted with safety catches which bolted both the cock and the pan cover and his pans were usually lined with gold. All his earlier weapons were signed 'Manton London', and all weapons signed in this way are invariably by John Manton and have no relation whatever with the work of his half brother and rival, Joseph Manton, who never signed his arms any other way than in full: 'Joseph Manton London'. Much later on, John Manton took his son into business, and from then on his arms were signed 'John Manton and Son'. John Manton was the favourite maker to the Royal Family and he enjoyed a long and untarnished record as a best-quality gunmaker.

The next great rival was Durs Egg. This famous gunmaker was of Swiss extraction, and he learned his trade first in Switzerland

and then in Paris. He set up in London in 1772 and rapidly reached the top of his profession. He was one of the finest of the all-round makers, and his duelling pistols had a style of their own. His stocks were always round in the grip with characteristic checkering. His locks were always small and neat, and he liked to sign his name in gold block letters down the barrel.

Hervey Walklate Mortimer had his shop in Fleet Street, and he had a tremendous output of fine pistols. He specialised in two distinct types. One was a long, light-barreled pistol with a stock that curved so far round in the grip that it looked like the crook of a walking stick. The other was a saw-handled pistol which had a groove running right back to the tip of the spur, giving a longer and quicker sighting line. Both types were splendidly made, and his pistols were always graceful. In his curved-stock pistols he often carved the extreme end of the butt with a shell design.

By the turn of the century, the light-barreled duelling pistol tended to go out of fashion and was being gradually replaced by a much heavier weapon. This was to a large extent developed by Joseph Manton who, although he started in business some time after his brother John, had a meteoric career. Joe Manton in his duelling pistols employed a much heavier barrel, smaller in the bore, and designed with what was known as secret rifling. This was invisible at the muzzle, but cut with shallow grooves further down it gave deadly accurate shooting. In combination with this rifled barrel he also achieved very fast ignition with his flint locks.

To do this he employed a strong mainspring acting on a cock which practically dipped its flint with the tiny molten pieces of steel on it into the flash-pan. He invented a form of pan-cover which reacted so quickly with a light spring that the result was almost instantaneous. He used the same principle on his sporting guns, and it was this factor that went a long way to making his guns so popular when the art of shooting flying came in vogue. He had a large production of duelling pistols which he turned out to an almost standard pattern. They seem to lack the charm of the earlier weapons and are much heavier to handle, but they were highly efficient tools. The metamorphosis had taken place: the light-handling, snap shooting duelling pistol had changed into the heavy, ponderous target weapon.

As the result of all this, target shooting became not only a necessary accomplishment but also a diversion. Hitting a wafer at twelve paces, or shooting the centre out of a playing card, or even killing birds on the wing using a single ball were among the remarkable and true performances of certain crack shots, such as Captain Horatio Ross, who was Nelson's god-son. Lang's shooting gallery in the Haymarket became a fashionable rendezvous in Regency days for gentlemen who wished to try out a new pistol or keep their eye in with some useful practice.

James Purdey's Rifled Target Pistols

By the time Waterloo had been fought and won Forsyth had revolutionised firearms by his invention of the percussion system. Even so, the changeover was slow and the first true percussion-cap arms did not come in before 1820. One of the earliest to adopt the new system was James Purdey the first. His rifled target pistols modelled on a new plan were the last word in accuracy. Using a very light charge they would put all their shots into a two-inch group at fifteen yards. Purdey finished his barrels with a fine charcoal blue which, combined with an ebonised finish to the stocks, produced most handsome pistols.

Of all the famous gunmakers I have mentioned there was only one, so far as I am aware, who had a poem written in his honour. It was published in London in 1782, and, entitled 'Stanzas on Duelling', inscribed to Wogdon, the celebrated pistol maker, by an Irish Volunteer. There are forty verses, beginning:

Hail Wogdon Patron of that leaden death
Which waits alike the bully and the brave,
As well might art recall departed breath,
As any artifice your victims save.

It continues in this vein, bringing in the names of many people who were involved in duels, not always to their credit. It is no wonder that the book was published anonymously or the gallant Irishman might have found himself positively embarrassed by the number of challenges he would have received as a result.

—Network Three

The Unsolved Problem of Schizophrenia

By ALEXANDER KENNEDY

THE word 'schizophrenia' means literally a splitting up of the processes of thought. It is used to describe a group of mental diseases which are always serious, and often they are completely destructive of normal mental life. Of the 150,000 patients in the mental hospitals of this country at the moment more than three-quarters are schizophrenics of one kind or another. Since we have been able in recent years to treat some of the other common psychiatric diseases, they now form the bulk of the permanent population—the people who stay on there because we cannot cure them. Schizophrenia is common to the extent that about one person in 120 is likely to fall a victim, and this holds true for practically every race or climate. It has recently been shown to occur even in aboriginal races. What is so tragic is that it is a disease of the young adult, and between the ages of fifteen and thirty as many as one in thirty-five may develop it. That we cannot find the cause of this disease and so bring it fully under control is psychiatry's greatest headache today.

Complete Detachment

There are several forms of schizophrenia. Let me first tell you what a typical, severe case is like. A boy of nineteen had won a scholarship to a famous school. Although he did not live up to his early promise, he did pretty well there and went on to the university. He was a studious lad and it was always difficult to get him to play games or go to the cinema. He had never, in fact, shown very much interest in what other people did. Unexpectedly, he failed his examinations in the first year, and when he was asked how this came about he showed remarkably little concern. He just smiled vaguely, as if he had other things to think about. At home he continued to sit with his books in front of him, but now he just gazed into space. And then one day he told his mother rather casually that he was 'caught up in a thought-machine'. His parents' distress at the change in him left him completely detached, for by that time his thoughts and emotions had become separated and they were split off from the daily business of living.

After two years, in which every known form of treatment has been tried, he now stands staring in an unseeing sort of way, his limbs are cold through lack of movement, and he is totally without initiative. He appears content enough, happy even, in a solitary way, as thoughts just flit through his mind, coming to nothing. So far as his parents are concerned he has left them for another world. They go to the hospital regularly, for their sense of duty is strong. He may sometimes answer their questions in a flat, indifferent sort of way. He shows no affection, no anger, no response at all. They are intelligent, sensible people and they ask me: 'Will it ever be possible to do anything for our boy and others like him?', and I tell them what I would like now to tell you: how the problem stands.

Changing Views on Mental Disorder

Research into the causes of disease begins with accurate description, but schizophrenia is not so easy to describe. The form it takes is likely to depend as much on the kind of person who suffers from it as upon the nature of the disease-process, and so there is an almost infinite variety of changes in thought and behaviour. There has always been prejudice about the causes of mental disorder and it has not for so very long been regarded as within the province of the physician. Until the methods of scientific research were applied to the problem, each observer was apt to see in the madman's behaviour not the expression of the natural history of a disease but a vindication of his own ideas about it. It was due to sin, or due to a tainted heredity: once in the asylum, in for life, was the attitude.

Gradually, however, a picture has emerged of the characteristic features of this disease. It may occur in an intelligent and sensitive adolescent who tries before his breakdown to communicate his ideas of a distorted world in painting or poetry, or it may be just a simple fellow who over a period of years slowly loses contact with his surroundings. The tendency in all is towards a progressive inefficiency and disintegration of mind. At first, the patient's emotions appear to be unpredictable and out of harmony with his thoughts. Later there is a flattening out of emotional responses generally, which leaves him dull and 'apathetic'. But even in patients apparently beyond hope, if a sudden strain is put on the body's resources by an accident, for instance, or an infection causing a rise in temperature, there may be a startling, if brief, recovery. From this observation there came the first ray of hope. Perhaps the damage done was not irreversible. Perhaps we might somehow be able to imitate these spontaneous remissions, as they are called.

At first this approach to treatment gave rather promising results, and as new ways of promoting an artificial shock-reaction in the body were discovered they were applied to the problem. But whether shock is induced chemically or electrically, or whether the patient is put into a coma daily for two or three months, as is done in the insulin-shock treatment, the results are never uniform. Some of the patients will respond, but many—though by no means all—relapse again. It is fortunate that with one kind of shock treatment or another, almost forty per cent. of the patients are nowadays able to recover. But the exasperating thing from the point of view of medical science is that we still do not know *why* they recover.

Work by a Team

When any biological problem defies solution, we are forced to look farther back—to first principles. We have had to ask ourselves if we know enough about how the normal works—in this case, the normal brain and mind. The problem of schizophrenia has stimulated a vast inquiry into the physical and psychological background of normal mental life in the hope of discovering which part of the mechanism is the one at fault. Even in the present state of our knowledge, the structure, the chemistry, the nutrition, and the activity of the brain, and the way it is integrated with the man and his environment, have been found to be so intricate as almost to defy the understanding of one single investigator. So it has had to become a team job, with new workers always joining in the hunt with new techniques brought in from other branches of science. Never has there been such an accumulation of facts about a disease with so little evidence of consistency or meaning. So far no attempt at a unifying theory has stood the test of treatment. It is still virtually anybody's guess.

There have, however, been some strikingly successful skirmishes on the fringe of the main battle. With one small group of schizophrenics, for instance, it has been found that when they are ill an excess of nitrogen is being stored in the liver, and when they are about to improve it is released again. Since it is relatively easy to prevent them from storing too much nitrogen, a few pills will keep these patients well. There is another recurring condition strongly resembling schizophrenia which occurs in a certain type of backward child. In this case the attacks can be prevented for a short time at least by ensuring that one substance, an amino-acid, is kept out of the diet. The results with these small groups opened our eyes to the possibility that other types of schizophrenia might be due to minor errors of the body's chemistry.

Chemical errors are often inherited. It has been known for years that schizophrenia occurs more frequently in some families.

Statistical surveys of large numbers of relatives show that the brothers and sisters of schizophrenics, for instance, are more likely to have the disease than members of the general population. In their children the incidence is very heavy indeed. What is more, in the case of identical twins, if one twin gets the disease, there is an eighty-five per cent. chance that the other will also develop it. So heredity must play an important part, because identical twins are developed from the same egg and have the same inborn physical constitution.

The difficulties of distinguishing the real from the apparent causes of a mental illness are well illustrated by two identical twin girls who were adopted by different couples within a few weeks of birth. They were brought up in different cities and they never met, so early influences could not have been the same. At the age of eighteen, one of them was sent to hospital with a nervous breakdown which had come on while she was working hard for an examination. Since she showed unmistakable signs of schizophrenia, a search was made for the other twin. It was found that she had already been admitted to another hospital and her illness appeared to have been brought on by an unhappy love affair. Each had been subjected to different forms of psychological stress just before the illness came on, but the real determining factor was their common inheritance, their identical genes. The importance of heredity was at one time beginning to make us feel rather pessimistic about treatment until another pair of identical twins put a much more hopeful complexion on the matter. In this case, while both had developed the disease at roughly the same time, only one had been given shock treatment—and that one had recovered and remained well. The lesson from this is that we must never despair of treating the disease, however sinister the family history.

Physical Characteristics of the Schizophrenic

Certain types of people, both psychological and physical—and certain types of body-build especially—are known to be more prone to develop schizophrenia. When one comes to measure up the physical characteristics of a large number of schizophrenics, one thing that comes to light is that the large blood vessels are often a good deal narrower than those of other people. The fine capillary blood vessels also are often irregular in their pattern instead of being arranged in regular loops, such as one finds in healthy people. This applies not only to the blood supply of the brain, but of the whole body. Other schizophrenics show abnormalities in the secretion of their ductless glands. In fact, the finer methods which we now possess for measuring the chemical make-up of the body have shown that there are often striking differences from the normal. But, once again, there is no

constant pattern of abnormality occurring in *all* schizophrenics from which we might deduce the reasons why the brain is prevented from doing its work normally. As to direct examination of the brain itself and the minute structure of its twelve billion cells, abnormalities have been found, but none of these occur with sufficient regularity to enable us to draw conclusions as to cause and effect.

Worry as a Precipitating Factor

There is little doubt that worry can bring on the disease and that it can act as a precipitating factor, a last straw. But whether the retreat into a world of fantasy as a refuge from difficult circumstances and from defeat in the struggle of adaptation to life can wholly account for the progressive course of the disease is much open to doubt. Attempts have been made to explore the distorted thinking of the schizophrenic and to penetrate the thought-barrier which develops between him and the world of reality and prevents communication with those who try to help him. If contact can be made and psychological treatment is attempted, the patient sometimes improves. Statistical appraisals are now being made of whether this is due to our efforts or whether it must be attributed to the operation of chance in a disease which is known to relapse and recover in a tantalising way.

We have even in recent years tried to see life as it may look through the eyes of a schizophrenic by ourselves taking drugs which produce a passable, if temporary, imitation of the symptoms. One thing that these studies have confirmed is that every man can have his own private schizophrenia, for the effects vary greatly according to the psychological make-up of the experimenter. The artistic productions of people under the influence of these drugs have thrown a good deal of light on the art of the mentally unstable.

That is where we stand at the moment. We can help the schizophrenic, sometimes relieving his symptoms with drugs so that he can return to his home and to some kinds of employment, sometimes producing a more lasting effect with brain operations, and sometimes producing a complete remission with shock treatment. We have accumulated an immense number of isolated facts about the biology of this disease. As each year passes, thousands more patients reach that point in the evolution of the disease from which return to normal life may no longer be possible—while we go on hoping for the sudden insight which will show us how the facts fit together and which will give them meaning. At present medical science can only continue to observe and ever be prepared to exploit any new information which hard work or chance may throw its way. For uncertainty is the constant companion of those who adventure in this field of research.

—'London Calling Asia'

Buzzards and Barrows

By PETER JEWELL

THERE is always excitement in digging up the past, and even on a modern archaeological excavation, with the strictures of a scientific approach, there lingers still some feeling of a treasure hunt. But to me as a biologist there is an additional fascination—the host of biological problems and discoveries which emerge as the work proceeds.

I would say two completely different sorts of problem arise. On the one hand are those associated with trying to work out what has happened to a site since it was abandoned by man. If you consider that most such sites have long since merged with the natural landscape to become, ostensibly, nothing but the habitat of animals and plants, it is not surprising that in unravelling the story you may have to delve deeply into the part played by biological agencies in the processes of erosion and soil formation. On the other hand, there are those problems of the identification of the remains of plants and animals which may provide vital information on the economy and environment of prehistoric man.

Such information is of considerable value to the archaeologist, but it may have great intrinsic interest for the biologist himself. There is always the chance of some intriguing discovery. For instance, there is the case of the Verulamium worm.

Excavations going on at St. Albans into part of the Roman Town of Verulamium opened up in 1955 an area lying beneath the modern car-park. This proved to have had a succession of buildings on it during the Roman period, from the fourth century back to the first century A.D. Beneath the lowest floor was an ancient ditch, dug early in the Roman occupation, that had been filled in by the time the first buildings were put across it. In the opening up of this ditch a number of living worms were discovered in the silt at the bottom. These appeared entirely different from the common earthworm. They were about three inches long, but were exceptionally thin, being only a tenth of an inch or less in diameter. The worms were identified as a species known as *Eophila oculata* which is a species not found in fields or gardens

at all; its usual habitat is the bottom of rivers or in water-logged fen. You will find it today, for example, in the black mud of the Thames or beneath rotting sedge in the Cambridgeshire fens. The ditch filling occupied by the worms was in fact very like this—a dark, wet soil with plenty of blackened vegetation: brushwood, holly leaves, bracken and grass and, in addition, the seeds of a species of sedge which suggested that the place had been marshy in earlier times.

Worms Isolated for 1,800 Years?

The question is: how did the worms get there? It is difficult to answer unless you postulate that they have been there ever since the open ditch was present. The pottery and other finds in the ditch show it was filled in during the first century A.D. Above it is an accumulation of debris from eight to fifteen feet in thickness including floors of tile, gravel, and beaten earth, none of which has been disturbed since Roman times. It forms an intact and impenetrable barrier from above. Nor is there much possibility that the worms could have got there by a horizontal migration. The river Ver is 250 yards away and the ditch is ten feet above the present river level, with no evidence of any connection between the two. It does look, then, as if this population of worms has been living in isolation in this curious habitat for 1,800 years. This is not at all improbable; the species is well adapted to an oxygen-deficient environment, and as for food, there was plenty in the abundant plant remains.

An isolated population such as this is potentially of great interest to biologists because the animals may develop some peculiarity of structure or habit and come to differ from the rest of the species, though in the unchanging environment in which these worms were entombed this was unlikely to happen. What we can expect to find is evidence of changes in distribution of wild species in recent prehistoric times—a subject of considerable interest to us. A good deal is known about animals living in Britain at the end of the Ice Age: their remains were frequently preserved in gravels and cave deposits from that period. But for later times such preservation is increasingly scarce and the most likely sources of material are artificial deposits left by man. Even so it is indeed a lucky combination of circumstances that will preserve the delicate remains of the smaller animals, and such finds are rare; but this summer during the excavation of a group of Bronze Age barrows at Snail Down on Salisbury Plain we had the good fortune to discover some.

We were completely excavating a small bowl barrow. It was a slight mound rising to barely three feet above the surrounding downland. We were carefully stripping away the centre, and had reached the level of the old land surface—on which the barrow mound had been heaped—when we came across a number of teeth and jaws of a small mammal, a rodent about the size of a rat. At first it seemed possible that the creature might simply have burrowed there, but some of the teeth were found associated with little collections of the bones of other small animals—the shrew, the short-tailed vole, toad, and lizard. These are not burrowing animals (and would be strange bed-fellows if they were); but, on the other hand, they do have this in common, that they are all favourite food of the larger birds of prey like the tawny owl and buzzard. The important thing about these birds is that they swallow their prey whole and later disgorge the bones and fur in compact pellets. There can be no doubt that it was the remains of these that were turning up under the barrow. We can give them a rough date. Mr. Nicholas Thomas, who directed the excavation, has examined the pottery from this barrow and dates it at about 1400 B.C. The pellets, then, are about 3,400 years old.

Owls as a Sampling Device

The diet of an owl of antiquity would be an out-of-the-way object of study were it not for the fact that these birds act like a sort of sampling device taking a selection of the small animals of the neighbourhood. In this case one of the most abundant was the rodent already referred to, which proved to be the water-vole, *Arvicola amphibius*, often commonly called the water-rat. Water-voles on Salisbury Plain call for some comment, because as we know them today they are strictly water-side animals living in

burrows in the banks of streams and dykes. The nearest stream to Snail Down, shown on the ordnance map, is the river Bourne near Tidworth just over a mile away; but I went to walk along it and found it to be a dried up valley which the local inhabitants told me rarely carries any water. All the surrounding downs are a free-draining upland and the next nearest water-way is the river Avon, four-and-a-half miles distant—well beyond the territory of an average-sized bird of prey.

How is it, then, that the water-vole was so abundant there in Bronze Age times? There would seem to be two possibilities. Either the water table was higher in those times and active streams and swampy places were numerous, or the water-vole was not so strictly confined to river sides. On the Continent there is a form of the water-vole which burrows in dry fields far away from water, and a similar thing does happen at one place in England, on Read's Island in the Humber. It has been suggested that their success on Read's Island is due to the lack of competition from rabbits, rats, and moles, which do not occur there. This leads to an interesting speculation, because in Bronze Age times the whole of the British Isles lacked rabbits—they were introduced by the Normans in the twelfth century—and rats, which came later still. Perhaps these introduced species have restricted the range of the water-vole and forced it to abandon all but its waterside habitat.

I referred to 'owl' pellets, but it is by no means certain what bird was actually responsible. It must have been a large bird because the water-vole is a sizeable animal and the toads appear to have been frighteningly large. A tawny owl would tackle them, but from what we know of the Bronze Age environment it seems we should think of a bird of more open country. The buzzard comes to mind. The buzzard is scarce on Salisbury Plain today; two pairs have nested there in recent years, but I must confess the only one I saw is in the Salisbury Museum—stuffed. However, there can be no doubt that it was very common all over England in Bronze Age times. Again, the kite, now extinct in England, is a likely candidate: the habits of this bird are similar to those of the buzzard and in addition, in the past at least, it was noted for its fondness for human habitations: a visitor to London in 1465 noted in his diary that nowhere had he ever seen so many kites as on London Bridge.

Deductions from Pellets

These birds have the habit of sitting about on posts and buildings and may have a favourite station from which to disgorge their pellets. This brings me to the final point about the barrow: in the ground beneath the barrow were the clear impressions of stake holes, so that before the barrow was built stakes had been standing in its place. This would completely explain why pellets should have been concentrated at this point.

The deductions from these pellets have taken us rather far away from archaeology, but the archaeologist is not uninterested in these incidental finds because he wants all the information he can obtain on what the environment of prehistoric man was like. In this case I must admit the indications are rather slight, but one might hazard some conjectures. For instance, the abundance of water-vole could suggest active streams higher in the chalk in Bronze Age times. This would mean more readily available water supplies to man and his stock. Further—who knows?—although the rabbit and rat were not here to be his pests, he may have had to contend with raids on his crops and grain stores from *Arvicola*, the water-vole. One more thing about the pellets. They were found under another barrow besides the one I have described, and in both cases I think the birds responsible for them were attracted by standing stakes. Pellets do not last more than a few months on exposed ground, so the stakes must have been standing shortly before the barrow was built and do not belong to an earlier archaeological period.

These deductions are highly speculative, but to show that a study of the fauna may be more rewarding for the prehistorian we can refer to the observations made by Dr. Fraser and Miss King, of the Natural History Museum, on the deer remains from Starr Carr in Yorkshire.

At Starr Carr a site was discovered that had once been the camping ground of a small band of mesolithic hunters. These Stone Age people were living in the forest hunting grounds of

(continued on page 282)

NEWS DIARY

February 5-11

Wednesday, February 5

The Federal German Government proposes to deposit £100,000,000 in London to buy arms instead of paying defence costs to Britain

President Eisenhower discusses the possibilities of a 'summit' meeting at his press conference

The Minister of Power decides to set up a committee to consider ways of improving co-operation between the gas and electricity industries

Thursday, February 6

Twenty-one persons, including members of the Manchester United football team and British sports journalists, are killed as a B.E.A. aircraft crashes when taking off from Munich in a snowstorm

The Minister of Labour announces in the Commons that the pay claim by the London busmen is to be referred to the Industrial Court without delay

Friday, February 7

Dr. Fuchs reaches Depot 700 on his way from the South Pole to Scott Base

The Governor of Cyprus renews his appeal against violence

Saturday, February 8

Scotland and north-east England have their worst blizzard since 1947

French aircraft attack targets in Tunisia

Preliminary report by Federal German Ministry of Transport says that the Munich air disaster was probably due to icing on wings

Sunday, February 9

A memorial to 27,000 men of the Commonwealth armies who died during the campaigns in Burma and Assam is unveiled near Rangoon

French troops stationed in Tunisia are confined to barracks to avoid disturbances after the air attack on the previous day

Monday, February 10

The Foreign Secretary and Governor of Cyprus arrive in Athens

Government is to introduce Bill to safeguard public against danger of radioactive contamination from nuclear reactors

Tuesday, February 11

French National Assembly discusses air raid on Tunisian village

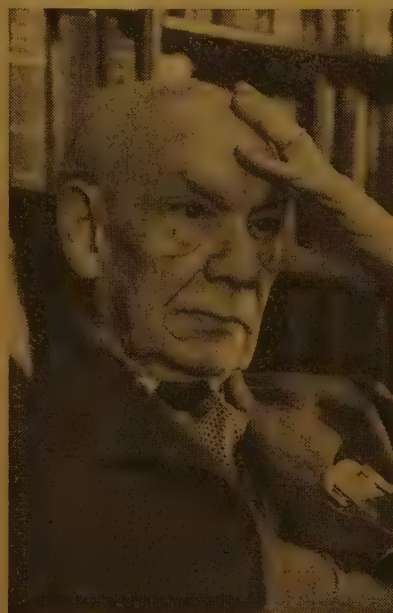
Prime Minister leaves Australia for Singapore

Ceremonies open in Lourdes to commemorate 100th anniversary of vision of St. Bernadette

King Feisal of Iraq arrives in Jordan for discussions with King Hussein



Players of the Manchester City (right) and Tottenham Hotspur teams standing in silence before the start of their match at White Hart Lane last Saturday as a tribute to the members of the Manchester United team who were killed in the air crash at Munich on February 6



H. M. Tomlinson, the author, who died on February 5, aged eighty-four. Mr. Tomlinson spent much of his young days in the London docks where his father was employed; and it was there that he gained his great interest in ships and the sea that was reflected in all his writing. He travelled extensively and his first book, *The Sea and the Jungle* (1912), was an account of a journey up the Amazon. His most celebrated book, *Gallions Reach*, was published in 1927. Other works include *All Our Yesterdays* (1930); *Mars His Idiot* (1935) and *The Trumpet Shall Sound* (1957)



Charles Morgan, novelist and playwright, who died on February 6, aged sixty-four. His best-known novels include *Portrait in a Mirror*, *Sparkenbroke*, *The Voyage*, and *The Fountain*. His first play, 'The Flashing Stream' (based on experiences in his early naval career), was written in 1938. This was followed by 'The River Line' in 1952, and 'The Burning Glass' in 1953. He was principal dramatic critic on *The Times* for thirteen years between the wars, and International President of P.E.N. 1954-56



Icicles by the Scotland and miles of roads



Diplomatic Corps in Tunis, including the American Ambassador, (centre), inspecting damage in the village of Sakiet after it had been hit by a French aircraft on February 8. Britain and the United States have both expressed their concern at the incident



Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, who is touring New Zealand, talking to blind and crippled children after she had attended a civic welcome at Auckland Domain on February 3



Glen Farg, Perthshire: a photograph taken last weekend when Scotland experienced the worst blizzard since 1947. Thousands of tons of snow and ice, some with drifts ten feet deep. Right: snowdrops growing in a sheltered spot in an Oxfordshire garden



An anxious competitor at Cruft's Dog Show, a bloodhound, awaiting his turn for the ring at Olympia last week



Right: this year's supreme champion, pointer bitch 'Chiming Bells', owned by Mrs. W. Parkinson



(continued from page 279)

northern Europe about 9,000 years ago. They had made a living-platform of trees and branches at the edge of a lake, and because the ground has been waterlogged ever since it has preserved the remains of the creatures they hunted. Red deer, elk, roe deer, auroch, wild boar, and many smaller animals were killed. But the point at the moment is not to consider their diet so much as the evidence that these remains offer for the season of the year at which these people occupied the site. As everybody knows, the red deer stag grows a new set of antlers every year. These are retained throughout the winter and are cast in March or April. At Starr Carr a great many cast antlers were found which evidently had been gathered up by the hunters for manufacture into tools, harpoon heads, and the like. It might be supposed that cast antlers could be picked up at any time of the year, but this is not so for the simple reason that deer eat the antlers they have shed. This strange behaviour is actually an extremely sound expedient on

the part of the deer to renew their calcium supply. In his book *A Herd of Red Deer*, Fraser Darling describes how, although stags in the Highlands of Scotland cast their antlers in the first week of April, by June there were no antlers to be found in the forests he studied.

The Starr Carr hunters, then, must have been at the site in late spring to have collected the cast antlers, and in the winter months to obtain the stags with antlers still in place. This winter residence is confirmed by the specimens of elk antlers because this species has a different annual rhythm and sheds its antlers in January, and again both cast and attached antlers were found. No specimens of red deer in the summer condition were found, but positive evidence for the absence of people from the site in the summer months is better attested by the botanical record. Reeds were found to have grown up through the living-platform and to have left an abundance of summer growth which could not have occurred had it been occupied.

Where these people went in the summer we do not know; perhaps they had hunting

grounds that now lie beneath the North Sea.

You will agree, I think, that biologists of a great diversity of specialities might find something of interest in the finds that come from a field excavation. Ecologists, ornithologists, osteologists would only give the beginnings of a list. It would be interesting to know, for example, about the nutritional status of animals in the past and whether the deer I mentioned did show calcium deficiencies or not. The soil zoologist, too, might consider what favourable chances for sampling an excavation offers him. Twenty deep trenches cut in an area of an acre by fifty willing diggers is an advantage not to be missed! Needless to say, the excavator would welcome the additional information he might gain. There is the further point that an increasing number of excavations are undertaken every year with the resulting destruction of the sites; at the same time these sites offer many opportunities for developing new lines of biological work. It would be a pity if in future years biologists have cause to regret the loss of the information they contained.—*Third Programme*

Are You Writing a Short Story?

By SEÁN O'FAOLÁIN

IF I were asked to compress into one sentence the most important thing about writing short stories (I mean the most important thing technically), I would be inclined to say: 'Cut the cackle and come to the 'osses'. I'm afraid I would say this, however, with a certain amount of interior grin. Because I would know perfectly well that it sounds more straightforward advice than it is. Cut the cackle is easy enough. But there is nothing easy about coming to the 'osses. The 'osses are the winged 'osses of the muses. And Pegasus became a star. And as Joxer says in Seán O'Casey's play: 'What is the stars?'

What I mean by the 'osses (or the star) of a short story is its central, fixed point that makes it shine. What I am really saying is that every short story has some bright destination and that every step into the story must imperceptibly lead towards its point of illumination. I believe the whole craft of the short story is summed up in those last half-dozen words—that it must lead imperceptibly towards its point of illumination'. With the maximum of emphasis on the word *imperceptibly*. The main fun of writing short stories, and the fun of reading them, consists in being led onwards, of leading the reader onwards to the moment of surprised pleasure when the story behind the story, the meaning behind the anecdote, the interior significance of the event, makes us utter a delighted 'Ah!'—as when our train comes around a headland and there, in front of us, is the place to which we have been travelling on a Mystery Tour the destination of which until that moment we did not realise.

But how do you do this 'imperceptibly'? How do you lead your reader on and on without his knowing where you are leading him? There are, no doubt, many ways, many devices, for holding him in suspense, of giving him hints or intimations of where the story is leading;

but whatever these devices may be the one thing they must not do is to deceive, bewilder, or confuse. Unlike the detective story where we are being constantly thrown off the scent a short story is always trying to throw us on the scent. Everything is to the point—that inner point of illumination, that story behind the story which is the heart of the matter on hand.

Let us have a look at some famous short story to illustrate how these generalisations work out in practice. I choose—because it happens to be a very short story—'The Chorus Girl' by Anton Chekhov.

This is an astringent little story about a man, named Kolpakov, who had for his mistress a young woman who sang in the chorus. He is married to a pretty woman; he has a family; he is extravagant in his tastes; at the moment he has actually borrowed a quantity of money from the office and is in imminent danger of being arrested if the loss of the money is discovered. So far, a rather commonplace situation. His wife knows of his unfaithfulness, knows of the embezzlement, and all her thoughts are on how to save her home and children from ruin. She decides to try to replace the stolen money. So what does she do? She decides to plead with the chorus girl, Pasha, to give back the jewels and the other valuable presents that Kolpakov had, presumably, bestowed on her, as his mistress.

There the situation becomes more interesting. But let us halt there for a moment, imagining how anybody might hear of this incident in real life and smell a story in it, as one might guess that Chekhov heard of this incident—up to this point; perhaps not even quite as far as this point. Whether he heard of it so far or pushed it this far it is obvious that at this point it is beginning to tell as a story. Because he has now got three people involved in the same circumstances—which means a certain Unity of

Character; and at the same time—which means a Unity of Time. Once they are compressed finally into some Unity of Place he has the essential elements of any short short story.

Let us see how he proceeds, from the first line, to lead this anecdote to the point of illumination which is beginning to glow at the back of his mind—a special little starlight of an idea, all his own, which illuminates for him the whole Human Comedy. I will not say just yet what this idea is, since the whole purpose of taking the story and examining it is to show how a writer of short stories does, in practice (a) cut the cackle and (b) come to the 'osses.

There is no question here about cutting the cackle right away. The story opens:

One day when she was younger and better-looking and when her voice was stronger, Nikolay Petrovich Kolpakov, her adorer, was sitting in the outer room of her summer villa. It was intolerably hot and stifling. Kolpakov, who had just dined and drunk a whole bottle of inferior port, felt ill-humoured and out of sorts. Both were bored and waiting for the heat of the day to be over in order to go for a walk.

All at once there was a sudden ring at the door. Kolpakov, who was sitting with his coat off, in his slippers, jumped up and looked enquiringly at Pasha.

'It must be the postman or one of the girls', said the singer. . . .

If we bear in mind that the reader who takes up this story for the first time has none of the information which I have just been giving you about it, I think we must admire the amount of relevant information given in this opening paragraph, given indirectly, painlessly, and almost imperceptibly. First of all: 'One day when she was younger and better-looking . . . Was? A memory? Meaning that the story is being seen and told more or less from the point of view of the as yet unnamed 'she'. The words 'her adorer' place the woman, quite imperceptibly.

She is not his wife. They are sitting in 'the outer room of her summer villa'. It is a small villa, but still it is a villa, meaning that even if she is a courtesan, she at least has a small summer villa. Her 'adorers' must in general be generous adorners.

May I now draw your attention to something of primary importance in the technique of all story-telling: that the next sentence begins with the name of her adorer—Kolpakov, telling us that he has just drunk a bottle of cheap port, and is feeling in a bad humour. In other words the first camera-shot showed us the chorus girl; the director has now drawn it back to include the man, and then slewed it forward to indicate an empty port bottle. That detail gives us his social status, and quite a bit more about his self-indulgent and not very fastidious nature. A whole bottle of port after mid-day dinner! And inferior port at that!

But hold on . . . Who provided that inferior port? And they are both of them bored, and the day is at its zenith. Can't we just imagine how a good film director would give us the sense of that heat, and the smell, and the boredom? He would give it quickly, the way Chekhov does it, with the bottle, and the man's coat off, and his feet in slippers. So much for those two. Then, in the middle of this sexy silence and sensual lethargy, the doorbell rings and the two figures come alive, startled, especially the man, guiltily. 'It must be the postman . . .' (surprised—late in the day for the postman), 'or one of the girls'. One of *les girls*. In those words 'the girls' we have the whole set-up, which I have outlined in my preliminary remarks about the story.

But the point I am stressing is that it is all conveyed—*conveyed*, not told, not described, not elaborated—presented to us as if a curtain

had slowly risen on a stage, and with one glance and ten words the action had begun. In four more lines Kolpakov gathers up his clothes and retires to the bedroom, Pasha opens the door, and there is a strange woman, pale, perturbed, breathing heavily as if she had run up a steep flight of stairs. 'Is my husband here?' she asks. The cast of the little play is completed. The situation is set.

Very quickly Pasha is deeply affected by the tears and entreaties of this beautiful wife of her adorer. But, since the bulk of the story, as one might say the heart of the one-act play, is taken up by the dialogue between the two women, we are affected turn and turn about by the contrast between the characters of the two women: the loyalty of the wife, the warm-heartedness of the chorus girl; the contempt the wife feels for the chorus girl, the shame the girl feels in the presence of this elegant wife and mother who almost kneels before her. It is a kind of emotional game of tennis.

We wonder where the story is leading us—to admire the girl or the wife? I think we will admire the girl, the more when she pulls out drawer after drawer and pours every bauble she possesses into the hands of the wife—all of them, be it noted, presents given her by other men, not by the stingy Kolpakov. The wife departs. Now for the climax. Out comes the adorer, pale and trembling.

He clutched his head in his hands and moaned. 'I shall never forgive myself for this. I shall never forgive myself! Get away from me, you low creature!' he cried with repulsion, backing from Pasha. 'She'd have gone down on her knees. A lady. So proud, so pure! Down on her knees, and . . . and to you; Oh, my God!'

He dresses himself and goes away. Pasha begins to wail, already regretting the little things

she had given away. And besides her feelings were deeply hurt.

We have come to the 'osses of this story—and what are they? Pasha's understanding of the true nature of Kolpakov; stingy, self-indulgent, gross, tasteless, playing the hero at the end, deceiving not only two women but unmasked as a fraud who lives by deceiving himself. It is to this moment of illumination that the story has moved from the start, as we realise when we re-read the story, and all through the dialogue between the women we must imagine Kolpakov listening, as we the audience are listening, to *his* life-story, exposed in about fifteen minutes, and then trying to cover up with his mock heroics about his noble wife and his own wounded conscience.

I suppose nobody has ever seen the manuscript of that story, but I could well believe that the first draft of it was twice as long. Then—cut . . . cut . . . (the cackle) to get to that one moment of illumination which had been glowing at the back of Chekhov's intuitive mind from the moment when he first heard the bare outline of that mocking club-fire yarn: 'Did you hear what happened the other day between Pasha and Nikolay Petrovich? Well, they were both in the villa when who do you think arrived at the door?'

Chekhov would have listened, and thought, 'There's a story behind that story'. His job after that was to write it and cut it until there was nothing left that did not lead to the unmasking of the man, to Pasha, to us—and to himself.

It is how all stories get written—by cutting the cackle and coming to the point. A blue-pencil will do the cutting. The main thing to be sure of is that you have got a point.

—Home Service

Imperial Preference versus European Union

(continued from page 267)

prevent the powerful new industrial system which is being built up in Western Europe from becoming another United States in its agricultural policies. What the American case has shown is that it is possible for a highly successful industrial country to use its wealth to subsidise an uneconomic agriculture, regardless of cost. The United States' surpluses exercise a constant pressure on world markets and push down prices. In spite of the vast quantities involved, agriculture in the United States still produces only 5 per cent. of the American national income. The rest of the economy is so productive that it can easily carry the burden of a few billion dollars of surplus. Is this also going to be the pattern for Western Europe set by the Commonwealth? The countries which live by the export of food are now making a determined effort to prevent it.

Here is the important new factor in the situation. Britain's original approach to European free trade was to offer to the Commonwealth a guarantee of its favoured position as an exporter of food to the British market, and to regard this as the main issue. But what is now emerging as the chief factor is the Commonwealth's effort to secure for itself on the Continent of Europe an expanding market for its agricultural exports. Of course it is rather presumptuous in all this to

take Britain quite so much for granted. Britain remains much the biggest market for Commonwealth exports, and it also takes more agricultural produce from Western Europe than any other country. But the fact remains that the immediate issue lies between the Commonwealth and the Continent. Britain's task, as the Commonwealth countries are now coming to see it, is not to stand out for imperial preference at all costs in the negotiations on a European Free Trade Area, but instead to go in and fight to capture a larger share of the European market for the Commonwealth.

Mr. Frank Holmes, a New Zealand economist working in London, has recently suggested that Britain should make an offer to the continental countries to abolish all preferential tariffs on Commonwealth produce, and thus open the way to much closer British integration with the European Market.* At the same time, the Commonwealth countries should, he says, gradually reduce their preferences on British manufactured goods, and use these facts to bargain with Western Europe for more opportunities to export food there. What this would mean is that Britain would become, in effect, a member of the European Common Market, like France or Germany, but with the added role of acting as the thin end of a Commonwealth wedge.

However, if one were to imagine Britain absorbed into the European Customs Union and imperial preference gone, what would remain of the Commonwealth economic relationship? It would certainly become looser, though the natural economic forces would ensure a continuing large volume of two-way trade. My own feeling is that the contribution of economic factors to the spiritual unity of the Commonwealth, such as it is, has in any case been much exaggerated. That is partly because people keep looking for something palpable in the Commonwealth, and now that the political forms have gone, this is the most obvious thing that remains. But it is, after all, the impalpables that really count in this Commonwealth relationship. In the economic field, it is not the sterling system, and the other formal arrangements which are important, but rather whether we act effectively in a particular emergency—such as, for example, the crisis in the past year over India's five-year plan. We have failed to do so, because our own position in Britain has been overstrained; and that is partly the result of these formal obligations established under the sterling system. It is, in my view, this kind of challenge and response which is decisive in Commonwealth relations—not whether India sells her tea in London or in Amsterdam, or uses sterling rather than Dutch guilders.

—General Overseas Service

* See *International Affairs*, January 1958

Art

Baudelaire in Paris

By JOHN RUSSELL

THE idea of the literary exhibition has never quite caught on in England. It is not that our writers would not lend themselves to it; Gibbon, Hazlitt, Byron, Dickens, Hardy and Wells are only a few of those who could fill room after room and leave much unexplored. Nor do we lack great editors and painstaking biographers; and an exhibition of the sort I have in mind is partly editorial, and partly biographical, in scope. But there would also be needed something of a genius for display, substantial credits, and the prestige of a great institution—for without this last it would be difficult, I think, to assemble more than a small proportion of the desired objects.

That all this can be done has been proved over and over again by the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris. Balzac, Zola, Hugo, Mérimée, Rimbaud, Musset, Sainte-Beuve and Paul Valéry have been honoured since the war with an exhibition of their own; and for the next few weeks visitors to Paris may count on seeing the 'Baudelaire', which commemorates the centenary of the publication of *Les Fleurs du Mal*, and a diminutive *Gustave Flaubert et Madame Bovary*.

The success of these exhibitions does not necessarily correspond to the intrinsic majesty of the subject. Two years ago, for instance, the display devoted to 'Gustave Geffroy et l'Art Moderne' turned out to be one of the most rewarding of the entire series; and it must be said, on the other hand, that the Baudelaire does not quite fulfil our expectations. These expectations are, of course, exorbitant: Baudelaire is one of those of whom we can say 'Because this man lived, we see life differently'. Poetry, art, music, travel, personal relations and self-knowledge: on all these he had something to say that has had a lasting effect upon European consciousness. We make, therefore, exceptionally searching demands upon any exhibition which claims to survey his whole life; George Sand or Lamennais may be pointed up, in our estimation, by a wise choice of illustrative matter, but the image of Baudelaire is already so vividly present to his readers that almost any choice of documents, however sage, may come as a disappointment.

Baudelaire could be tremendously respectable when he pleased, and one can imagine him, freshly laundered and in a suit of parsonical black, making the tour of his exhibition: noting, that is to say, the nice choice of his own MSS. and letters and first editions, the penetrations into his private affairs, and the careful survey of the pictures he loved or anathematised. Many of the six hundred and more items represent detective-work of the kind which can only flatter a writer; several of the sleuths, we note with pride, are English. Often, too, the organisers have tracked down Baudelaire's likings and dislikings to their original source. But, gratifying as it is to see the prospectus for the Bains Lambert and the issue of Ackermann's *Forget Me Not* for 1836, from which Baudelaire swiped *Le Jeune Enchanteur*, there is no doubt that the exhibition

lacks a little of the magic which he himself could always give to ordinary life. Is it that the master-pieces are familiar perhaps and the masterpieces not there? Many major works of art are represented only by schoolroom photographs, and few among the *pièces-mâitresses* will not be familiar to the enthusiast. The extreme sobriety of presentation might be considered, I suppose, as a variant of dandyism and, as such, truly Baudelairean.

Other factors are that the Bibliothèque Nationale is not the Palazzo Grassi, and the Galerie Mazarine is by François Mansart and not lightly to be tampered with. The taxpayer might jib, in any case, at the cost of the *glacé* wallpaper, rare flowers, Havana cigars and 'divans deep as the grave' which would establish an authentically Baudelairean atmosphere. But the fact remains that the present exhibition will not be of much help to the scholar who wants, for instance, to get to the bottom of Baudelaire's aesthetic preferences; nor have the organisers found a way of suggesting that heightened life of the senses which Baudelaire managed to conduct on every level at once.

Perhaps the subject is too rich, and would have benefited by circumscription. Certainly the little Flaubert room has a sharpness of focus quite lacking in the Baudelaire. It illustrates in rare degree the capacity of great men to give dignity to even the most hideous objects; for Flaubert, in many ways one of the most sensitive human beings who ever lived, was not a



Baudelaire in a Louis XIII armchair, photographed by Nadar in 1855

man to construct for himself an 'amusing interior'. (Over his furnishings there presided what Baudelaire called '*le dieu de l'Utile, implacable et serein*'.) Nor is there any attempt to jack up the level of the exhibits: all is plain, exact, and commonplace. The organisers have chosen, for instance, a journeyman's engraving of the west front of Rouen Cathedral, where a less scrupulous body of men would have jumped a generation and looked to Monet for assistance. And Flaubert's frog-inkpot, with its squat belly and wide-open mouth, is one of the ugliest of household objects. Yet—and this is the miracle of the literary exhibition—the yellowing postcards and *The Club-Foot: a Practical Treatise* are moving to us because they were assimilated by Flaubert into the substance of one of the greatest of all books. To this, as to so much else, Baudelaire is our best guide; and it is curious that the organisers did not include the article on *Madame Bovary* in which he wrote so discerningly of 'the little Lady Macbeth, yoked with her insufficient captain . . .'. And whereas room has been found in Baudelaire's own exhibition for certain 'illustrated' editions of his poems which might well have been omitted, one may regret the absence of the most haunting of Baudelaire's 'posthumous portraits': the etching by Jacques Villon.

Exhibitions such as these are a rich and regular ingredient of Parisian life. Would London not be the livelier for a similar series? The Royal Academy, for instance, may one day be hard up for a manageable subject for its Winter Exhibition: the English Novelists would fill their rooms as interestingly, I suspect, as did the English portraitists last season.



A daguerreotype, circa 1850, of Louise Pradier, wife of the sculptor. Flaubert drew substantially upon her adventures and misadventures for the plot of *Madame Bovary*

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

The World and the Observer

Sir,—Bertrand Russell's talk, 'The World and the Observer' (THE LISTENER, February 6), contained nothing that cannot be found in Locke and Leibniz, Berkeley and Hume—though what Hume would have said about Lord Russell's 'causal chains' is an interesting speculation.

Such crude causal theories of perception have been common since Locke; who had not learnt words like meson and photon but who nevertheless spoke of 'the minute insensible particles of matter', attempting like Lord Russell to explain perception as effects of them. To add to this eclectic assortment of old and largely discredited philosophical theories that 'thoughts are in our brains' is naive to say the least of it.

The opposition (put forward as clear and axiomatic) between immediate data and the results of inference is riddled with difficulties and contradictions, as Lord Russell could easily learn by re-reading his own works.

Yours, etc.,

Birmingham, 3 D. J. McCracken

Sir,—When Lord Russell says: 'The starry heaven that we know in visual sensation is inside us', I perceive what he is driving at, and do not propose to quarrel with him. I disagree, however, when he claims to have a theory which takes the mystery out of philosophy. The nigger in the woodpile is to be found in the word 'know'. The account of things given by science is concerned exclusively with abstractions; however elaborate the picture furnished it contains only outlines. This is often forgotten, because it is carelessly assumed that colours are a detail that goes without saying. But we can legitimately ask Lord Russell for a definition of 'know' as applied to, say, the colour green. I submit that this is impossible and that a sentence containing it therefore becomes meaningless. Surely we have here a situation that is, to put it mildly, rather uncanny.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.8

E. S. BENNETT

Should Britain Abandon Nuclear Arms?

Sir,—My talk (THE LISTENER, January 16), to which Professor Gallie and Sir Stephen King-Hall take such exception, was not a sketch of an entire foreign policy. It was an answer to the single proposition that we should immediately discard our nuclear weapons and attempt to persuade the Americans to do the same. Professor Gallie calls this a policy of 'pre-suicidal pacifism', and I agree. Why then is he not angrier with the Mr. P. who originally put it forward, than with me, who suggested some of the obvious objections to it? Because, I think, I did not labour my horror of nuclear war, nor emphasise that everything possible should be done to reduce tension and obtain disarmament by agreement. I took both points for granted.

I might, with greater reason, accuse Professor Gallie of leaving us quite uncertain about his own solution. Does he, or does he not, wish the West to disarm unilaterally, if agreement with

Russia is not reached within the next few years? If he does, he is accepting Mr. P.'s argument after a nominal delay, for the phrase quoted above shows that he is not accepting Sir Stephen King-Hall's. If he does not, then the policy of the deterrent must appear to him, as it does to me, to possess advantages which outweigh its risks.

He asks me if I do not see a difference in kind between high-explosive and atomic bombardment. I do. But I see an even greater difference in kind between a sword and a blockbuster, because the latter kills indiscriminately and the former does not. Yet he accepts the blockbuster as a legitimate weapon, presumably on the grounds that its evolution from the sword was so gradual. I find that illogical. The newest weapon, the H-bomb, is much more terrible and lasting in its effects, but it has one property which the other two did not, that great superiority in its possession by one side is no longer decisive. For that reason nuclear strategy is quite different from pre-nuclear strategy, and it is certainly not 'useless' to threaten to employ it in retaliation. It may be immoral to do so, but equally strong arguments could be advanced for the immorality of not doing so. I gave some of them in my talk.

Why do I think that most people agree with me? Most obviously, because none of the three political parties sponsor the alternative policy of unilateral disarmament. I believe that the public would react violently against a sudden proposal to render ourselves defenceless before any settlement had been reached with Russia, partly for emotional and historical reasons (which are themselves facts or 'quirks' upon which policy must be based), and partly because it would mean a breach with our major ally. Is it so 'unholy a thought' that we should seek to maintain our alliances for economic and political, as well as for military, reasons?

But even if there was no other reason than the military, a policy of disarmed neutrality for Britain would be worse than useless, owing to our geographical position. A Russian-American war would not arch over our heads, but would surely involve us as a base or target, whether the war was started deliberately or touched off by accident. Indeed, the alliance between Britain and the United States makes such accidental wars less likely than if we withdrew from it. Consultation between allies is one form of safety-valve.

May I add that Mr. P. is not Mr. Priestley? I hope that the real Mr. P. will soon be publishing his paper on which my talk was based.

Yours, etc.,

House of Commons NIGEL NICOLSON

The Faith of a Salesman

Sir,—Your correspondents rightly criticise Sir Miles Thomas' treatment of personal relationships, but seem prepared to accept his economic argument that high-powered salesmanship helps to increase production and raise living standards.

In such an argument, progress and standards are assessed in terms of material goods and services, and the question as to how much such goods and services really contribute to a full and satisfying life for the individual is ignored. I have no illusions about the hardships of life in primitive societies, and yet it seems to me that in our own society today salesmanship is trying to force on us a material standard which we do not really desire or need. Indeed I am sometimes given the impression that because I have neither a washing machine, a television set nor any motorised form of transport, I am almost a traitor to my country, since if everybody was like me, thousands of factories (and salesmen) would be made idle.

Must we then all work more to earn more, so that we may buy more and thereby enable other people to work more . . . and so on? This, surely, is a strange vicious circle, with more work rather than more leisure as its only end. No doubt some economist can explain where I am wrong, but to me it would seem logical that if we all demanded less from life in the way of material goods, it would be possible to arrange that we all had more time to devote to more pleasurable and satisfying activities. Here then perhaps is a more worthy aim for our salesmen, to use their persuasive powers to convince us of all the things we can do without. Then indeed should we be well served.

Yours, etc.,

Great Shelford

JOHN HAYBITTLE

A Special Language

Sir,—If painters are free to produce pictures which are self-supporting acts of creation and refer to nothing which is outside the frame, critics may claim a similar freedom in writing about them. Mr. Sylvester's concept, expressed in Mr. Edwards' quotation, would at this rate fall to be considered for itself alone. The question then becomes, not 'what does it mean?' but 'how do we like it?'

The concept, we recall, is that of depth contested until space is radiant, ample, destructible, and precious. Considering this concept just as an experience, it can be liked or disliked, and some people, it is clear from correspondence, like it.

My own view is that these people are mystics, for the moment anyway, *certum quia impossibilis*, fugitives from logic, chaps and lasses on the run from the daily necessity of making sense out of what we see and what we read. On this reading of the situation the author of such criticism is acting not as an interpreter of other people's work, but as a performer in his own right.

Mr. Edwards, in his first letter anyway, was for suppressing such a critic, but I am not. It seems to me that if a performer has people round his pitch he has a right to them. Mr. Edwards, or you, or I, can walk away from him if we do not like the performance and join Sir Kenneth Clark's crowd further along the street.

For my part, I like to join Mr. Sylvester's

flock once in a while and look at the congregation, notionally you understand. I see them weaving about on their feet with eyes half closed, swooning away into a condition of agreeable thingummybob, innocently drunk on amplitudes, radiances, organisation in depth, precious destructibilities, and so on and so on . . . not thinking, but rather taking a holiday from thought. Bless their five wits, who would grudge them their pleasure, life being what it is!

Yours, etc.,

Gravesend

RUSSELL FERGUSON

Sir,—Many art lovers will have been glad to read Mr. Ralph Edwards' reasoned attack on the esoteric jargon of art critics. Before going to the recent Michael Andrews exhibition I was haunted by Mr. David Sylvester's sentence about the idea of depth being first established, then contested until it reached the point of destruction. I found that my understanding and enjoyment of the exhibits was not thereby enhanced, but a day or two later the penny dropped. In 1946 Sir Lionel Lindsay wrote a book called *Addled Art*, and one reviewer told how the following piece of spoof criticism had been accepted and printed in an art magazine:

Marcel Tirelajambe conveys plasticity not by the laborious modelling of a Raphael, but by the juxtaposition of flat masses of colour, so nicely balanced and so perfectly related as to compel the sensation of recession. In the ideated picture space the planes circulate freely and rhythmically . . .

The words differ but surely the language is the same.—Yours, etc.,

Poole

GEORGE RICHARDS

Radio Drama

Sir,—It would not have been proper to reply to Mr. Walker when he commented on my radio version of the Stratford 'Cymbeline', but now that he has reviewed Mr. Norman Wright's version of 'King John', I feel I must.

Mr. Walker's piece on 'King John', with the exception of one phrase, is a review of the stage production by Douglas Seale. Obviously this is the heart of the thing but if the play is broadcast, why cannot the critic deal with the radio production, its relative success, etc. His newspaper colleagues have already dealt with the stage original.

His one phrase of concession 'which was recorded for the broadcasts last week' is, to say the least, pretty economical comment on the work of a radio drama producer.—Yours, etc.,

B.B.C., London, W.1 VICTOR MENZIES

Sir,—Miss Enrica Proctor asks: 'As for the original radio play—who among your readers can remember any?'

I have missed far more plays than I have heard, but I can certainly remember several that I should like to hear again—the three by Tyrone Guthrie ('Squirrel's Cage', 'Matrimonial News' and 'The flowers are not for you to pick'); 'Farewell, Helen' by C. Gordon Glover; 'The Wings of the Morning'; the amusing triptych in which a servant was dismissed in the style of Shakespeare, Wilde, and Tchekhov; and the one about the patient (played originally by Marius Goring) who schemed for the bed-with-a-view in a hospital ward.

If there is a shortage of new radio plays, might not the B.B.C. undertake a systematic

revival of the best of the old ones? Apart from giving pleasure to many listeners, such a series would provide budding dramatists with models of radio technique and thus help to engender the radio drama for which we are all waiting.

Yours, etc.,

Shoreham-by-Sea

GERALD COCKSHOTT

The Iliad

Sir,—I do not want to spend time discussing with your Mr. K. W. Gransden, critic of *The Spoken Word*, the nature of Homeric poetry, the problems of translation it raises, nor even the instructive question of whether it makes 'ideal radio material'. His criticisms of Mr. Denis McCarthy's reading—that, for instance, he went too 'slowly'—are not specific enough to be helpful. During 150 minutes of broadcasting time, the pace has varied. The garrulous Nestor is usually fairly slow; Achilles in a temper tends to be rapid; and so on.

I would, however, like to take up one point with Mr. Gransden, since it reflects on a translator, Mr. Vernon Watkins. Complaining that the proper names should be 'tidied up', he asks: 'Why call the two Ajaxes the Aiantes, unless you are going to call Ajax Aias?'. To be brief: Ajax is a full-blooded inhabitant of the living world of literature, Aias an insubstantial academic ghost. Ajax he must therefore remain. When he appears with his less eminent namesake the son of Oileus, the pair are best called the Aiantes, since 'the Ajaxes', apart from being illiterate (the proper form is of course Ajaces), is singularly lacking in euphony and most unamenable to metre. To make the matter plain almost every reference to the Aiantes was provided with an intrusive gloss: 'Ajax the great and Ajax the son of Oileus'.—Yours, etc.,

B.B.C., London, W.1 D. S. CARNE-ROSS,

Talks Department

Queens of Song

Sir,—I wonder how many readers of my generation (fortyish) were misled by Mr. Dyneley Hussey's mention of Lady Harty's talk on 'another of her contemporaries, the soprano Agnes Nicholls . . .' (*THE LISTENER*, February 6). I certainly would not have spotted Mr. Hussey's whimsical dichotomy if I had not, through the years, picked up the information that both ladies are in fact the same person. Mr. Hussey is a wise, lovable, and readable writer on music (more than that one cannot say), but he must spare a thought for those of us youngsters who would have given a lot of what they possess to have heard Miss Nicholls and his other 'Queens of Song'. We cannot, because of our youth, be counted among those who did, but we are old enough to be extremely fascinated by their reports. We must not, therefore, be made to run the risk of misinterpreting these!—Yours, etc.,

Burghfield Common JOHN RUSSELL

Cloaking the Dagger

Sir,—In *THE LISTENER* of January 23 Mr. Angus Maude, M.P., in his talk 'Cloaking the Dagger' mentioned that he had recently bought some 'standard' eggs. 'Why', he asks, 'not call them "small" eggs?' The answer to Mr. Maude is that eggs are graded by weight at packing stations according to a scale laid down by the Ministry of Agriculture, Food and Fisheries and that the following are the names

given to them and the weights to which they refer:

Large: 2 3/16 ozs. and over
Standard: 1 7/8 ozs. to 2 3/16 ozs. exclusive
Medium: 1 5/8 ozs. to 1 7/8 ozs. exclusive
Small: 1 1/2 ozs. to 1 5/8 ozs. exclusive

Yours, etc.,

W. S. MITCHELL,

BRITISH EGG MARKETING BOARD

London, S.E.1

Robert J. Flaherty

Sir,—We are preparing a book on the life and works of Robert J. Flaherty, the explorer and pioneer maker of documentary films. If any of your readers have letters, MSS., photographs, or personal recollections, we should be very grateful to receive them. Original documents, etc., will be carefully kept, and returned in due course.—Yours, etc.,

9, Great Chapel St.,

London, W.1

PAUL ROTH

BASIL WRIGHT

Comic Papers of the Last 100 Years

Sir,—I have been commissioned to assemble and edit a book of comic drawings of the last hundred years and would be glad to hear from any of your readers who own copies of the comic papers of the period (other than *Punch*, which is easily available) and would be willing to lend them for photographic reproduction. The papers I am particularly interested in are *Puck*, *Fun*, *Judy*, *Moonshine*, *Lika Joko*, *Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday*, *Comic Times*, *The Man in the Moon*, *Punchinello*, *Figaro in London*, and *The Wag*.

Yours, etc.,

382, Tilehurst Road

Reading, Berks.

ALAN WYKES

In Time

There are some days to eat,
Cannibal-in-the-pot,
Days that conduct the news
The music of the spheres
Concentric with the heart
Harmonious in the head,
Days the philosophers
Invent gods to abuse,
When gravity confuses
The sexton and the lark,

Days you can drink neat
From all the stills of thought
When the still-burning fuse
Of a Hungry burns, but clear
In its mode, when the last resort
Of an honest mind being shed
Man naked-hearted hears
All the gamut of gods lose
Their bids for his love and chooses
A woman in the dark,

Days nothing is discreet,
Diplomatically left out,
When the gods go on their knees
To ratify the prayers
Of all who, in time, create;
When there is nothing instead
Whatsoever, but these hours
Where a stream comes and goes
Like a lover's first caresses
On the stone breasts of luck.

PATRIC DICKINSON

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Two Lovers in Rome. By Etienne-Jean Delécluze. André Deutsch. 21s.

'TAKE HEED, MY FRIEND, you are up to your eyes in the romantic', writes Delécluze in one of his letters, and the adjuration might have served as epigraph to this agreeable little book. Agreeable to whom? To the fanatic of Stendhaliana first of all, because its author is a character in *Souvenirs d'Egotisme* and because its story could have illustrated *De l'Amour*; to those, secondly, for whom almost any account of nineteenth-century Italy is a mysterious source of pleasure; and perhaps to those who grow pensive before a portrait of Madame Récamier, or to those who have laid themselves under the spell of Stendhal's la Sanseverina and are convinced, as Delécluze evidently was, that the Italian women of those years were among the ideal creations of social history. Mr. Gerard Hopkins has made a translation which beautifully conveys the tone of the period.

Yes, this is a love story; but if it is romantic it is because it belongs to the romantic climate of its time, and it survives as a cautionary tale for those who expose themselves to the influence of literary fashion. Delécluze was a painter who had given up his career for a post on the *Journal des Débats*, an 'intellectual' whose tact and charm had established a little Sunday *salon* which Stendhal was happy to attend. Now—the year is 1823—in his forties, unmarried, safely ensconced in unadventurous habit, he is having a year's holiday in Italy, viewing the antiquities, sketching—a shade solemn, *farouche* and unsocial. In Rome is Madame Récamier, recovering from the tumultuous infidelities of Chateaubriand, accompanied by her niece Amélie Cyvoct and attended by her infatuated slave Jean-Jacques Ampère, a friend of Delécluze.

However it was not Juliette Récamier, Constant's ineffable 'linnet', who claimed a victim, but Amélie; and not all the ardent 'crystallisations' with which Delécluze adorns her can convince us that she was anything but an affected, simpering ninny. The affair takes its course and we have to confess that this account of it in Delécluze's letters and journal becomes something of a bore. He fusses, he glooms, he scolds, he is high-principled, he communes with Amélie's spiritual presence in the mountains and the waves, he is more concerned about his bachelor independence than he cares to admit, and, when he has fled to Naples in order not to compromise Amélie's chances of matrimony by his elderly attentions, he writes at great length to Juliette for advice. The cure takes many pages and is not finally achieved until everyone is back in Paris and the lovely creature is safely and suitably married.

Perhaps Amélie was a necessary incident in an education which for an 'intellectual' in the romantic period (and since) was usually retarded. It was lucky for him that the affair happened in Italy; it gave him the chance to think things out with all his sensibilities awake. 'France is rich in women like Amélie', he notes in his journal, '... of such a kind are those I call *born nuns*'. He warms to his subject: '... the alleged virtues of an artificial society which ... spell the ruination of women by giving them the means to adorn vice with the

appearance of virtue'. Fortunately there was the example, somewhat alarming, of the Italian women: 'No one who has not seen these people at close quarters', he writes to Madame Récamier, 'can have any idea of the unconstraint of Italian manners. I should find it impossible to tell you, even in the most veiled terms, what incredible adventures were commonplaces in the leading families of Florence during my residence in that city'. One likes to think that in his reminiscent old age he thought with gratitude of the Roman *mardi gras* (of which he gives a delightful description) and was no longer haunted by Amélie.

W. B. Yeats and Tradition

By F. A. C. Wilson. Gollancz. 25s.

Mr. Wilson is one of a group of modern scholars who are endeavouring to rediscover, clarify, and formulate the symbolic and mystical traditions which underlie (more precisely than used to be realised) the work of a number of important poets, notably Blake and Yeats. He is concerned principally to provide a detailed interpretation of Yeats' last five plays—'The King of the Great Clock Tower', 'A Full Moon in March', 'The Herne's Egg', 'Purgatory', and 'The Death of Cuchulain'—in the light of Yeats' knowledge and use of a symbolism which, far from being private and eccentric, is part of a long tradition, Pythagorean, Platonic, Kabbalistic, alchemical and theosophical thought are among the sources investigated by Mr. Wilson and related to Yeats' symbolic imagery first by proving that Yeats knew the relevant books, many of which are known to have been in his library, and then by showing how these ideas actually work in the plays and poems and provide concreteness of meaning otherwise undiscoverable.

Mr. Wilson has re-traced Yeats' reading carefully and applied what he has discovered to a limited section of Yeats' work with scholarly precision. There is no doubt that his researches illuminate Yeats' method and meaning, at least in some of his later work. But we are not altogether satisfied. In spite of his identification of the books that Yeats read, Mr. Wilson is oddly second-hand and vague in talking of the Kabbala and of such things as 'Egyptian theurgy' (a phrase he uses frequently without comment). Has he really read the *Zohar* and does he really know what the Kabbala is about apart from identifying a few Kabbalistic notions which are akin to some Neoplatonic and alchemical ideas? If the mystical and symbolic traditions which Mr. Wilson finds in both occidental and oriental thought really cohere into a consistent pattern which has run, if subterraneanly, through much of our literature, surely he should have spent some time and effort in tracing that pattern and showing how its parts come together instead of being content to point to bits and pieces of it? He has written a helpful book which illuminates particular works of Yeats in spots but which does not really throw new light on the nature of his poetic imagination.

There is no doubt whatever that in Yeats' greatest work his images cohere into a flaming poetic meaning of their own which, while owing

something to the occult tradition from which he derived them, goes beyond it to achieve a far richer significance than could ever be suggested by a word-by-word *explication* referring us to Hermes Trismegistus, Hieronymus Bosch, and Von Hügel. In a concluding chapter on 'Byzantium' Mr. Wilson refers every image in the poem back to its source in Yeats' reading and in the tradition or traditions with which Yeats was familiar, but the result tells us nothing of how and why this is a great poem and actually reduces it to a work of far less significance than it has to the reader who has submitted himself over a long period to Yeats' idiom and has lived with 'Byzantium' for some time.

Mr. Wilson tries to cover up this lack of critical reality in his study by scattering laudatory adjectives throughout his analysis. Thus the line 'Plotinus came and looked about' is described as 'a moving tribute to Plotinus'—indeed he drops that word 'moving' into his prose at every possible moment—and words like 'beautiful', 'magnificent', 'brilliant' appear unsupported after an exposition which reduces a poem of Yeats to a piece of pure theory. On page 32 Mr. Wilson tells us that Yeats 'is nothing if not a theorist' and on page 171 he states that 'Yeats was nothing if not a didactic poet'. But of course Yeats is a poet before he is a theorist and a lyric poet before he is a didactic poet. It is the inherent defect of a study such as Mr. Wilson's that it has to ignore these facts. Nevertheless, it is full of fascinating and helpful information and no serious student of Yeats can afford to pass it by. The general reader, for whom, the publishers tell us, 'the book has been devised from first to last', would do better to stick to what Yeats himself says helped out by such general critical and explanatory commentaries as that by Mr. Richard Ellmann.

Victoria, Albert and Mrs. Stevenson

Edited by Edward Boykin.

Muller. 25s.

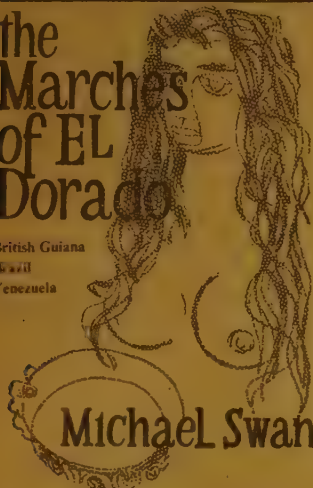
There are many—too many—mistakes and misprintings in this book, but there is also a certain freshness and enthusiasm about the letters which hold the interest of the reader. Mrs. Andrew Stevenson—born Sarah Coles—was the wife of the American Minister in London who served from 1836 to 1841. Although she was in no sense (as the title might suggest) an intimate friend of the Royal Family she frequently enjoyed hospitality at Buckingham Palace and Windsor, and was a friendly recorder of the young Queen and her circle. While she was somewhat critical of the Queen's appearance—especially her shortness and her mouth 'that feature which always gives so much character to appearance'—she eulogises her general bearing—especially the self-possession and the beauty of her voice which she described as being 'sweet as a Virginia nightingale'. Like other observers she was struck by Prince Albert's handsomeness. She also saw much of that large Liberal prince—Augustus, Duke of Sussex, the Queen's uncle. Mrs. Stevenson was sufficient of a royalist to be blind to the failings of princes. Like his father, the Duke was a chatter-box, and he was (it may be whispered) something of a royal bore. She records a scene when he asked her if she

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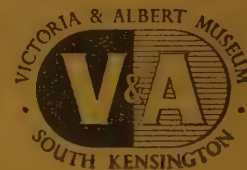
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would play cards with him: she was about to decline when she noticed another member of the party making violent signals to her to agree. This she interpreted as a reminder that the wishes of Royalty should be scrupulously observed and not thwarted. More probably the wily English people were anxious to manoeuvre His Royal Highness to the comparative silence of the whist table. She also records an occasion when the Duke was on a visit to Holkham and, in despair, his hostess asked 'Pray, when do you leave us?'

Mrs. Stevenson gives us an easily digested account of social life in England 120 years ago. We see Andrew Stevenson out with his sporting gun at Broadlands, where he took what she calls seventy-three lives. After the unflattering comparison between American and British roads in the twentieth century English readers may be gratified to know that she describes the roads as 'so smooth', the country 'so beautiful', that the ease and rapidity of travel are delightful. She was amused to see the old Dowager Duchess of Richmond walked backwards in the presence of the Queen, and in deference to a command from the Duchess she allowed her republican legs to stand when the Queen came by. Her experience of dukes and duchesses was somewhat odd since the Duchess of Somerset commanded her to talk to the Duke to prevent him from falling asleep after dinner. 'Talk on'—the Duchess hissed in her ear—'Ask him questions, talk mathematics'. We may be forgiven for agreeing with the writer of these entertaining letters that after such excitements American citizens appeared a shade dull. The exacting demands of the American tourist on his representatives abroad are well known, and the reader may sympathise with Mrs. Stevenson, obliged to give a dinner for friends of the President: 'Heigh-ho! it is very tiresome'.

Pakistan: A Political Study. By Keith Callard. Allen and Unwin. 30s.

It was in 1940 that Jinnah first put forward formal demands for the partition of India. When, seven years later, the boundaries of Pakistan were delineated, it was little wonder that there were many sceptics who considered it unworkable and foretold its disruption before long. Neither geographically nor economically was it a unit, for the eastern wing was divided from the western by a thousand miles of Indian territory; and while religion and hostility to India were the only real unifying forces, the factors tending towards disunity were innumerable. But logic is not always a sure guide and, although Pakistan was born in chaos and had almost insuperable difficulties to overcome from the very outset, the decade that has passed since its creation has served to confound the sceptics and justify the assertion of the pre-partition Muslim leaders, 'Give us our own Muslim state and we will show you that it will work'.

Jinnah's watchword to his followers, 'Unity, Faith and Discipline', entailing complete subordination to his will, seemed incompatible with democracy, and the abrupt transfer of power in an atmosphere of violence called for autocratic measures for the restoration and maintenance of law and order, which successive governors of the country have regarded as the first requisite. While, however, there is an outward respect in Pakistan for power which stands in the way of democracy, it has helped to further the cause

of stable government; and the country as a whole is more concerned with having an efficient, honest and reasonably cheaply run government than with all the niceties of democracy, which are beyond the comprehension of the people at large. What General Mirza calls 'controlled democracy' seems likely to continue, therefore, for some time to come, and Professor Callard, in this sympathetic study of Pakistan, shows clearly how and why the somewhat undemocratic methods sometimes employed in this Muslim state are being carried out.

The tradition of Pakistan is not one of democracy, but, as he points out, democracy is the only strongly advocated political theory there; and as Islam is a system of obedience to law, its teachings can be used to counter any assertion of arbitrary power. In its Constitution, Pakistan is described as a democratic state based on Islamic principles of social justice and the conclusion of this interesting study is that, as democracy has been accepted as an ideal, it may yet become a reality.

Despite the great progress already made in stabilising and strengthening the country, however, Professor Callard makes it clear that living standards have deteriorated since 1947, civil liberties have, to some extent, been curtailed, and owing to the small proportion of experienced officers at the outset, there has been a deterioration in the efficiency of the public services. But in spite of the great difficulties that have had to be overcome, the machinery of government continues to function and the officer grades of the civil and military services form the strongest bulwarks of national stability. In so far as the Civil Service is concerned, this has been largely due to the fact that the British system of administration and the British traditions of efficiency and integrity have been retained, and it is pleasant to note that an official recruiting pamphlet describes the Civil Service of Pakistan as the successor of the I.C.S. 'which was the most distinguished Civil Service in the world'.

Although the concern is primarily with internal affairs, attention is also paid to Pakistan's relations with the outside world in general and with India in particular. All in all, it is a well-balanced, unbiased study, but future editions should have a map.

The Cult of Shakespeare

By F. E. Halliday. Duckworth. 25s.

The *Companion*, the *Critics*, and now the *Cult*. Mr. Halliday amuses himself considerably, and his readers almost as much, with his comic chronicle of what we have done for, to and with Shakespeare, from the dramaturgicalities of Davenant to the tall tales of Calvin Hoffman; how he was made available, made famous and made pay, made over, made out, made up and made away. Most people who read books about Shakespeare know something of the story: the idiocies of Restoration improvers, the enmities of editors who all seemed to end up in Pope's *Dunciad*, the fiasco of the Garrick Jubilee at Stratford, Ireland's fantastic forgeries, the excesses of nineteenth-century spectacular productions, the Romantic inflation, statistical splitting of the artistic atom into a stage syndicate, and the consequent contest between any number of anti-Stratfordian candidates. But this is perhaps the first time the whole ludicrous legend has been pieced together in proper order.

Towards the end of it, perhaps, Mr. Halliday grows a trifle reckless in his restrained ridicule. Inflated as the manifesto of the New Shakspeare Society was, its plea for understanding of 'the growth, the oneness of Shakspeare, the links between his successive plays, the light thrown on each by comparison with its neighbour' could be echoed in words of Mr. T. S. Eliot's which are not ridiculous at all. And if Swinburne did let himself go about 'Cymbeline', his 'Report of the Proceedings on the First Anniversary Session of the Newest Shakspeare Society'—which is not mentioned—is as amusing as and more critically acute than Mr. Halliday's mild mockery. It is a pity to omit Swinburne's parting shot at the 'Polypseudo-criticopantodapomorosopisticometricoglossomatographicomaniacal Company for the Confusion of Shakspeare and Diffusion of Verbiage (Unlimited)'.

Some space might also have been found for the lunatic fringe of criticism, the theory that Hamlet was a woman and in love with Horatio, that Othello should always be thought of as a white man, that Goneril's Steward is really Cardinal Wolsey, and Caliban the missing link, Marlowe's early drama or the colony of Virginia. Mr. Halliday also prudently leaves modern scholarship and criticism pretty well alone and limits his remarks on recent fashions in production to two final paragraphs. He does warn us that we may be accused of exploiting novelty for novelty's sake, that colour film versions are in danger of returning to the worst excesses of the Victorian stage, that the television screen is still too small for the satisfactory presentation of a play, and that the B.B.C. has apparently decided that an hour and a half of Shakespeare is as much as an audience can be expected to endure (which is untrue, at least, of Stratford productions in the Third Programme).

But did not Shaw write a new fifth act for 'Cymbeline', and has not that play's title been used on escalators to advertise a strapless corset? Has not the Old Vic halved two plays to get them into one evening and been irresponsibly encouraged to believe that a play in any other period will smell less stale? Has not Stratford started 'Pericles' with Act II, ended 'Romeo' without reconciling the families, and sent 'Lear' round Europe looking like a Bertolt Brecht production of 'The Mikado'? We have not, in short, reformed altogether, and in the next edition Mr. Halliday must really not deny himself and us a furiously controversial grand finale.

Democracy in Western Germany

By Richard Hiscocks. Oxford. 30s.

This is a good solid text-book on the history of Western Germany since the end of the war: the account rendered by Professor Hiscocks is carefully related to Germany's past, and it is presented with an open mind, clearly and competently: it thus provides an excellent background for the study of the recent elections in the Federal Republic. Professor Hiscocks was evidently prepared for Dr. Adenauer's new triumph; indeed he is particularly illuminating about the weaknesses of the German Social Democrats, their slavery to the party machine—the *Apparat*—their lack of appeal to the young, and their weak strategy. This last fault, he points out, is an inheritance from the leadership of Schumacher, involving insistence upon a foreign policy issue which has never been clear at the

expense of an imaginative and convincing social programme. He admits, as we all must, that it is very difficult to fight a government which has sponsored prosperity with undreamt-of success, most of all in a country like Germany.

Professor Hiscocks enumerates the obstacles to democracy in contemporary Germany, the tradition of hard, blinkered, self-righteous nationalism, the authoritarian heritage which Dr. Adenauer, despite the Basic Law, has done much to perpetuate. Professor Hiscocks knows that only 'a small minority has faced the implications of its country's immediate past with uncompromising courage and honesty. These people', he continues, 'belong to the salt of the earth, and their counterparts in every country are in a small minority'. This German minority is perhaps all the nobler for its very smallness, but it rather begs the question to say with Professor Hiscocks that 'the extent of its influence will depend on the degree of support they (its members) are given by their countrymen', for this is surely a truism.

The fact is that Professor Hiscocks seems, when he comes to adding up Germany's political blemishes, to make a mistake in his arithmetic. The factors to which he refers do not really justify his optimistic conclusions. He makes an excellent comment on German student duelling, 'a form of blood-letting which Fichte scorned a century and a half ago, and which lacks the integrity of similar rites amongst primitive tribes . . .', but does he not brush aside its significance a little too lightly? Are not the dice weighted in favour of this kind of minority rather than the other? And has *Mitbestimmung* (co-management) in heavy industry really 'strengthened the foundations of political democracy'? There are many observers who complain that the representatives of labour on managerial boards too readily accept what the others put before them.

The elections of September 15 have fully justified Professor Hiscocks in foretelling a steady approximation to a two-party system and the elimination of small or sectional parties like that of the eastern refugees. But he scarcely does justice to the profounder effects of the immigration from the east which raises the cogent question of whether this 20 to 25 per cent. of the population has rather increased the industry and sobriety, or the chauvinism, of the Germans.

A few minor points of criticism suggest themselves. Should not the *Institut für Zeitgeschichte* in Munich have been mentioned as a centre of enlightenment? Might not the *Lastenausgleich* (equalisation of burdens) legislation have been more fully discussed since it comprised one of the most interesting social readjustments of the post-war period? And would it not have been worth while to explain more fully what Germans meant when they talked about *restauration* and *restauratif*, a meaning which is lost when the words are translated by 'restoration' or the faintly clinical 'restorative'?

Pattern of the Post-War World

By Gordon Connell-Smith

Penguin Special. 3s. 6d.

Mr. Connell-Smith has succeeded—succeeded admirably—in compressing a balanced account of the events of the past ten years or so into one volume of 281 pages. His aim, he writes in the Introduction, has been 'to provide a short introduction to international affairs' in the post-

war world, that is to say of the world that lies 'between the famous conferences of the major Allied leaders of the Second World War and the Suez crisis in the autumn of 1956'. It would be more correct, perhaps, to say that Mr. Connell-Smith has provided a useful handbook to the post-war world, one whose value would be much enhanced if the publishers had provided a more comprehensive index.

The author threads his way through a mass of controversial material with the greatest objectivity. Two points are perhaps worth making. First, that the essential aims of the Russian leaders did not change when the Germans attacked them in 1941; and that the Great Disillusion that overcame the West after the war when people found a hostile Russia on their doorstep was due, to a large extent, to the policy deliberately pursued by the Western Governments of concealing what they knew of Russia's true intentions. And secondly—in the light of recent events—one wonders if Mr. Connell-Smith did wisely in giving one chapter in his book the heading 'Retreat from Stalinism'.

The Poetry of Living Japan

By Takamichi Ninomiya and D. J. Enright. Murray. 8s. 6d.

An Introduction of twelve pages gives a very succinct account of the development of Japanese poetry during the past seventy years—a period during which a complete revolution of style was accomplished. The disturbing influences were Western—Romantic, Symbolist, Realist, Futurist, Surrealist, even Dadaist. The Introduction might have made clear that the traffic was not all one-way—the European free-verse movement was considerably influenced by translations of Chinese and Japanese poetry, and Fenollosa's *Chinese Written Character as a Medium for Poetry*, as edited by Ezra Pound in 1918, is to be regarded as an '*ars poetica*' for the modern movement in English poetry. As in the plastic arts, what has been evolving in contemporary poetry is an international style, so that finally Pound and Eliot, Apollinaire and Eluard, Benn and Trakl, Crane and Carlos Williams, Mayakovsky and Ai Ching, Cavafy and Jorge de Lima, all write a kind of poetry which, when rendered into any one language, is superficially the same. The differences are of vision rather than of technique. A poem like 'The Curve' by Bochō Yamamura—

At the bottom of the river
In the afternoon
A moving motor-car—
Giving a fish a ride
And running it over—
Causes a brilliant disturbance

—is Japanese (or perhaps Oriental) in its mode of observation rather than in its poetic technique. European poets in general are not gifted with a magpie perception of everything that glitters, or are not moved to make a poem out of the trivialities of sensation. But Chinese and Japanese poets realise that the vitality of poetry is dependent on its imagery, and that no image is too trivial if it can serve to unify perception, to create a mood or an atmosphere. Poetry in this way can be snatched from the most vulgar and mundane scenes:

Gay Summertime

Enticed by a beauty on a railway poster,
Papa, who suffers from piles, vouchsafes to visit
the sea.

The sky is heartily blue, and the wartime boom
Has swollen the summer colony; the sea is hot to
boiling.

In the backyard of a seaside inn the washing
flutters,
From early morning a plump-armed maid grinds
at the pump . . .

The town is busy switching on and off its lights,
for air-raid practice,
While the boys in khaki complacently knock back
beer.

But somehow the autumn can be smelt around us.
Oh, bony Mama with her gay cosmetics!
Striped shafts of dazzling sunlight are touched
with purple,
All day with butterfly-nets children are chasing
clouds.

This rendering or 're-creation' of a poem by Jun Yamamura (b. 1898) may be taken as an example of the smooth and idiomatic translations that we owe to the collaboration of a Japanese professor of English literature and an English poet who has lived and worked in Japan. The result is a volume of poetry of great charm and freshness. Thirty Japanese poets are represented, which is but few in a land that now boasts no less than three hundred magazines devoted to the publication of verse.

History on the Ground

By Maurice Beresford.

Lutterworth Press. 37s. 6d.

Mr. Beresford, Reader in Economic History at Leeds, is the new professional unbending. What happens 'when a Saxon charter is taken out into the open air and compared with the appearance of the ground today?' What happens when the top of an old England is scrutinised, not so much by the field archaeologist as the field historian who knows his documents from Saxon charter to Elizabethan estate maps, from cartulary to the 1851 census returns in the Public Record Office?

There you have the substance of this rather solemn yet enlightening and delightful book. It is always a problem presenting local historical studies so that they illuminate generalities and whole situations. Mr. Beresford's solution is to offer six journeys—along parish boundaries, into Elizabethan villages, over deserted villages, through once planned, planted and 'new' towns, to Elizabethan market-places, and through parks. The appropriate general problems preface each particular journey or bundle of journeys. For example, how did English villages, more exactly parishes, begin? And grow? How was land taken in? How were the parishes demarcated? In other words, how was England colonised by the English? Pose these questions, then examine the documents and beat the bounds of certain parishes in Northamptonshire 'where the evidence of boundaries and place-names is supplemented by two tenth-century charters which confirm that at least seventeen parishes had the bounds which they now have'. Consider, that is to say, as well as the documents the geographic common sense and the apparent oddities and contradictions along the ground, through ploughland, over pasture and waste, down the slade, along the stream, over the hills and by the marsh, all on a historian's Rogationtide exploration. Conclusions—surprising ones often—emerge and clear some of the murk of the large question.



SPELLS AND SPOILS

By PODALIRIUS

Magic—black or otherwise—has for centuries dominated the lives of many peoples in many lands. Disease, which plagued the many, became the golden preserve of a few sorcerers whose so-called cures dealt more often with the casting out of evil spirits, than germs. But times have changed, for as an aged Witch Doctor friend of mine said to me during a recent stay in his country, "the money has gone out of medicine." And by that he didn't mean the Health Service, for where he comes from they have no such thing.

On probing more deeply, I learned that his complaint lay in the spread of medical knowledge. Too much was known about medicine by too many people to-day, he explained. Everybody tried to be his own doctor. Nobody waited to get sick any more—they fortified themselves beforehand. "Druggery," he called it. "Western medicalisation of the East."

He could remember, he said, when he first practised as a young W.D., how the doctor was a man to be feared. His words could strike more terror into his patients than the worst of their maladies. Those were the days, the old dark days, when medicine was a well-kept secret. "Fear can be a wonderful cure," he said—and it was a fine way to build up a practice, for fear of what you could do to them always kept your patients loyal. At one time, he claimed, his were numbered in their thousands, and his name was spoken in a whisper over vast areas. In those days, he boasted, the only patients he ever lost were those who died. But there was no loyalty to-day. Things were too easy.

On arrival back in this country I read in the newspapers that Asian 'flu had reached these shores. "Expected in full force in the winter," I read. The newspapers seemed to have it all taped.

We were working on a vaccine, I learned, but it was clear that people were already muttering anxiously to themselves. Some were blaming the Government. Others blamed Asia. This was hardly playing the game, they complained, after all we had done for them—medically speaking of course.

I smiled to myself when I thought of my friend the W.D. I wondered what he would have said about it all. Perhaps one of his ancient spells or potions would have been the very thing.

But I could almost see the faint curve of irony as his lips formed the inevitable mocking reproach. "You have cured all the worst diseases of the East and put me out of business—and now you come to me about Asian 'flu! "

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CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Television's Goddess

CERES WAS THE GODDESS of abundance of the ancient world, and series is the goddess of B.B.C. television. All-embracing is the uniformity she imposes on the week's viewing, and hence she makes it all too predictable. Sameness is the better part of dullness, and while, to be fair, it must be said that considerable variety is to be found within a series, the element of surprise, essential to the well-being even of the sober world of documentary, has been forfeited in an excessively rigid arrangement of the week. To planner and producer, viewer may well echo Diaghilev's nowadays much too often quoted injunction, 'Etonne-moi!'

Someone who has astonished us a great deal lately with the memorable *hors série* article died last week. He was Henry Salomon, television director of special projects for the National Broadcasting Company of America, producer of 'Victory at Sea', 'The Innocent Years (1900-1917)', 'The Jazz Age (1918-1929)', 'Back in the Thirties' and among much else that dazzling, lucid study of atomic power, 'Three Two One Zero'. His death at the age of forty robs television of one of its most brilliant and scrupulous practitioners. Out of the immense amount of material which he dug up in the preliminary excavation for each project, Salomon would hand pick each main shot to be fitted like a tessera into an animated mosaic and the result was a glowing image of the past, absorbingly simple to follow yet surprisingly thorough.

His work has not been without its influence on some of our own producers, but in most instances they have, one imagines, neither the resources nor the time to compete with such a sweeping approach. Our own special talent at present is much more for concentration, for illumination within a narrow frame, as is amply borne out by what promises to be an excellent new series that started this week, 'Epic Battles',

in which Sir Brian Horrocks told the full tale of Stalingrad. All he had was a wall-map or two, some movable arrows marked with stars and swastikas, and some grim film sequences of the battle, almost the technique of the lantern lecture, but Sir Brian required no more elaborate properties than these to electrify the attention in one of the most highly charged half-hours we have had this winter. A few weeks ago, when he was describing his own experiences during the civil war in Russia, one found oneself comparing Sir Brian as an historian of battle with Tolstoy, and again with even greater force it was the Russian novelist of whom he put one in mind as he graphically explained how thousands were unable to withstand the bitter onslaught of the Russian winter, locked there without hope because of their dictator's megalomaniac misjudgement. He brought out well the personalities of the Russian and German generals, Rokossovsky and von Paulus, for whom the whole thing was in the nature of a ghastly private duel, and showed where von Paulus' ultimate weakness lay in his unstrategic and fatal submission to Hitler's lunatic decision not to retreat beyond the Volga when the German Army was threatened with encirclement.

Sir Brian gave a masterly expounding of the different manoeuvres of the battle. He is one of that tiny handful in whom a producer, as he paces the control room at the testing-time of transmission, powerless now to do more than cut, may have complete confidence that all will be well. They are rare indeed, these natural spell-binders, but no one will deny that Sir Mortimer Wheeler has long ago in the field of televised archaeology proved to be another of them. Sir Mortimer appeared the night after Sir Brian in a programme about the ancient city of Taxila, or 'The Greeks in the Himalayas', in the series 'Buried Treasure'. He was himself responsible for part of its excavation, and it was fun to see him as he



Nazi soldiers manning a machine gun in a devastated street in Stalingrad during the siege of the city in 1942. Films of the battle were shown on February 6 by Lt-General Sir Brian Horrocks during the first of his new series on 'Epic Battles'

spoke wandering among the ruins, but it is difficult even for so eloquent a lover of the past as Sir Mortimer to compress the entire history of a great buried city like Taxila, with its different moments of glory under Alexander and the Kushan Empire, before its final devastation by the Huns, into half an hour. The ruins did not always tell their own tale, and he failed to get their full meaning across, partly one felt because,



Above: 'Eye on Research, 10—The Thread of Life D.N.A.' on February 4. Dr. Maurice Wilkins with, foreground, a schematic layout of D.N.A. structure, and, background, the D.N.A. molecular structure. Right: 'Buried Treasure' on February 7: Sir Mortimer Wheeler walking through the ruins of Taxila



unlike Sir Brian, he was unable to take for granted a great deal of unexplained common ground between himself and us. He and his fellow-workers do not tread and probe any ground unless there is good reason to believe that it is quite uncommon.

And here, of course, we come back once more to the oldest teaser of all that faces those responsible for the script of nearly all series about anything except the careers of film stars. Where to start? It is especially acute in scientific programmes, as was most recently discovered this week by the producer of 'The Thread of Life' which brought to a close the series, 'Eye on Research'. Robert Reid took a back seat this time, and left Professor C. H. Waddington and his colleagues in Paris, Cambridge, New York, and London to plunge us into the microscopic realm of cell-formation for an account of the tracking down of the substance, D.N.A. (deoxy-ribonucleic acid) that they believe to be the key to heredity development. The Brave New Worldly implications of their discovery, and its wonderful power of building disease-resistance into organisms among other possible benefits, were comparatively easy to make clear to the lay mind: not so the nature of D.N.A. itself. But they were very patient with us, producing models that might have been works of contemporary sculpture and helpful images of 'a string of beads made up of four kinds of beads'. At the end one had a fuzzy idea of what D.N.A. was, and a sharply impressive idea of the international nature of the research into it now going on.

ANTHONY CURTIS

DRAMA

Hancock in Muscovy

GOGOL's 'The Government Inspector', last Sunday's contribution to 'World Theatre' inevitably sets the producer a problem. The author intended it, in 1836, to be a sharply satirical comedy, deriding the gross abuses of small-town local government at the time. Its 'unsparing realism', we are told, left the Tsar smiling, but was so much resented by the bureaucracy that Gogol was driven out of the country for twelve years. But nowadays we think of it as a frolic, and in 1926 Komisarjevsky produced it, presumably with Moscow memories, as a fantastic farce, almost as a ballet of grotesques.

Alan Bromly used an adaptation by Barry Thomas of D. J. Campbell's version. His direction made it comedy, not farce. The central figure is a penniless impostor who gets mistaken for an expected and inquisitorial V.I.P. For a while he has a fine time fooling and fleecing the corrupt local officials who are as ready with bribes as with bows in his presence. Tony Hancock took this classic role very humbly and quietly, hesitating to be (or directed not to be) his up-to-date and delightful self; he conducted the imposture with too little indication that the man was relishing the masquerade. Perhaps over-awed, he modestly under-acted. After all, this was a star part in an age of theatre which valued the acting of flourish and bravura.

The rest of the company also accepted the idea of a sociological comedy seriously aimed at exposure of corruption and the achievement of social reform. John Phillips was a veritable bigwig swollen with his sins and trembling with his guilt. The rest of the company followed suit. Here were officials whose palms realistically itched and plausible tradesmen no less to be condemned. Taken this way, the piece may be as Gogol meant it; but it lacked the dash, and the antic gaiety with which one Russian producer of genius introduced it to London. There was little chance for the ladies, but Helen Christie found

the right level of fluttering fun. On the whole, however, I felt that more laughter was missed than achieved.

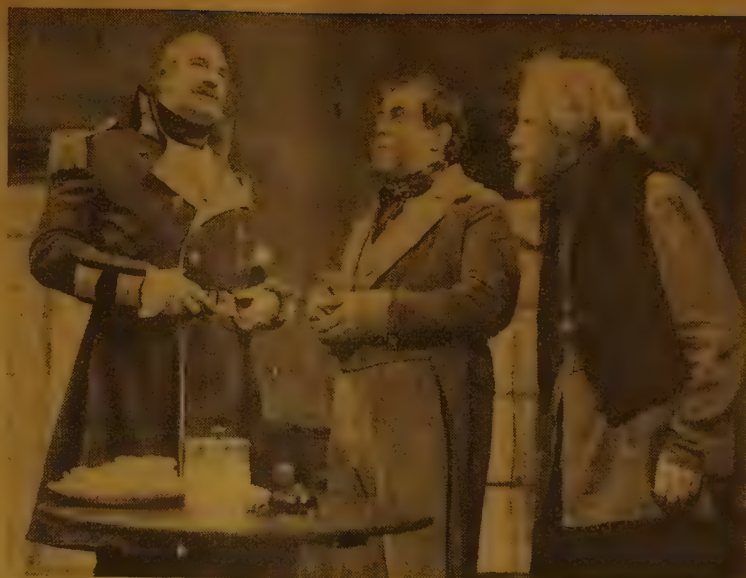
One of the oldest plots in the story-telling game is that of the hunted man whom a fair lady can hand over to the hounds — and doesn't. She prefers to be *La Belle Dame avec Merci*. Instead of a kill there is a coupling and he for whom the bell tolls discovers that it is a wedding-bell after all. This veteran yarn, with some modernising, turned up again in a short American play by Morton Wishengrad called 'Hunted' (February 4). The man on the run was a Soviet refugee in New York. Soviet diplomats wanted his return for publicity purposes. He was wandering about as an alien with no passport or papers, and so was liable to deportation. If he did not go, it might be too bad for his mother back in Russia.

But suppose an American citizeness came forward and married him? Then he could not be deported. Of course, the lady was available, in the attractive form of a burlesque actress who lived in his rooming-house, a person as large of heart as elegant of form. Diana Decker played the good angel very pleasantly while Patrick Troughton was being suitably distraught as the runaway Russian with the hounds at his heels, fever in his head, and a temperature of 104. My temperature, while this was going on, remained, I fancy, at about 96. But I did not blame the players, or Joy Harington's production, for my feeling 'a bit under normal'.

The most recent episode of 'Dixon of Dock Green' appeared to answer my previous (and complimentary) suggestion that the eponymous hero of the series, the common-sensible, ever-ready constable, was surely due for promotion by now. We were advised that Dixon remains in the ranks because he is not a book-of-the-rules and paper-bashing, smart examination type. But in the last item, called 'All Buttoned Up', one of these types was brought up on parade and got severely dressed down for his pedantry. Good policemen, it seems, are common-sensible Dixonians who know when to bat an eyelid. Wasn't there some confusion of doctrine here? So I shall imperitently continue to wish Jack Warner's most companionable constable a step up; not that I would displace the no less excellent gruff-genial 'Sarge' of Arthur Rigby. Let both rise and still shine. Police and players, with their Ted Willis scripts, remain high on my list of Saturday Sociables.

After Dixon, 'Dance', one of the 'World Stage' programmes. Jack Hawkins came from his quarter-decks, aerodromes, and officers' quarters to play *compère*; modestly he did not offer us a personal horn-pipe. Instead he gave us the pleasure of his voice and Alan Melville's verses. Sandwiched among the stars of ballet John Gregson and Leslie Phillips revealed the humours of the man who would dance while Jacqueline Mackenzie presented the floor-bashing of the women who can't—at least not very well. 'Gotta Dance' was the theme of the nimble Irving Davies. You gotta like it.

IVOR BROWN



'The Government Inspector', by Gogol, on February 9: (left to right) John Phillips as the Mayor; Tony Hancock as Hlestakov, and Reginald Barratt as Yosif, his servant

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Home Horrors

A PUBLIC BROADCASTING service has not only to please its listeners. It has also to avoid, as far as is reasonably possible, giving offence. With an audience of almost all ages, outlooks, sensibilities, and degrees of maturity, the temptation is to be too timid. Believing as I do that all the world's a studio, that anything which is really important to anyone anywhere has some claim to responsible treatment in any medium that deals in drama, I should like to picture myself giving valour a helping hand and discretion a hearty shove. So I take no sort of pleasure in what I conceive to be my critical duty this week, more particularly at a time when other differences with the Drama Department are under discussion.

What I complain of is a lapse into morbid sensationalism, the last thing I would expect from such an author as Mr. R. C. Sherriff, in his radio play 'Cards with Uncle Tom' in the Home Service series on Monday, which is to be repeated tomorrow afternoon. I prefer to say no more about this play, beyond the information that the scene in question is a condemned cell, that the passage I quote from the script is fully acted in Mr. Val Gielgud's production, and that the short silence in which it culminates is for us to imagine the hanging of the man:

Through the fade comes the sound of a big clock, striking nine. After a short silence, the unlocking of a cell door. There are some subdued voices: a few footsteps; then the Chaplain's voice:

CHAPLAIN: It's time to come now, Bradley.

BRADLEY: No!—I'm ill!—I can't get up!—leave me alone!

There is a struggle. The wooden bedstead is dragged across the floor as Bradley clings to it in desperation, crying out in a frenzy of terror, Leave me alone!—I didn't do it!—I swear I didn't! I wasn't there!—I'm innocent!

The struggle is soon over. Bradley is overpowered and dragged away. His despairing voice dies away in the distance,

I DIDN'T DO IT!—I DIDN'T!—I DIDN'T!

There is a slow fade and a time lapse.

I do not suggest that this sort of thing is common in the recent work of the Home Service. On the other hand, if it was unique I should have felt able to choose less unpleasant things to write about. In mid-November I had

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to complain of nauseating discussion (as to whether putrefaction or fermentation could so discompose strychnia in the stomach that it could not be detected) and other objectionable features in a Home Service reconstruction of a poisoning case, offered as 'drama'. In December I deliberately passed over in silence a passage in a Home Service Monday night play, a Simenon adaptation, 'Maigret and the Lost Life' which I now think it necessary to recall. (Maigret's brief interjections, but no other words, are omitted here to save space):

A clock strikes the half-hour. We are in the Montmartre area.

DOCTOR: (*Fade in*) Come in, come in, gentlemen. I was expecting you. Here's your cadaver . . . Her clothes are on the table there . . . Age somewhere between nineteen and twenty-two, in good health but slightly under-nourished. She died of a fractured skull caused by a heavy blow; spanner, hammer, something like that. Before she died someone had hit her in the face, hard . . . A clenched fist by the look of it. See the bruises on the lip and the left eye? . . . Now there's another thing here that will interest you. Under the fingernails, here, and here, are some threads of dark cloth. At a guess I'd say from a man's suit . . . You get a picture of her kneeling at a man's feet, struggling with him, pleading perhaps. He wants to get away from her and smashes his fist into her face, but still she holds on until at last he has to kill her . . . Oh no, I leave that to you. She wasn't a manual worker . . . She was a virgin . . . I'll tell you a bit more about her in a moment when I've opened her up and had a look at the contents of the stomach and so on. Will you wait?

The justification for broadcasting such passages as Home Service entertainment would, perhaps, be: (1) the execution scene was legitimate in a suspense drama, (2) the physiological details were a relevant factor in a real criminal trial, and (3) the dispassionate details about the naked corpse were a necessary part of the atmosphere of realism Simenon created in his book. I would myself defend the broadcasting of such experiences and details in any drama whose artistic control and purpose was comparable, let us say, to Galsworthy's 'Justice' (in which the wordless solitary confinement scene influenced the Home Secretary to revise the relevant regulations). But in these cases I wonder if the B.B.C. should not be ashamed to see the excerpts in print. And if they should not be more ashamed to have given them dramatic performance on the air.

For some thirty-five years the B.B.C.'s record has been clean, in this respect particularly (as the chapter on 'Occasions of Offence' in Mr. Val Gielgud's recent book *British Radio Drama* shows). I am convinced that no comparable selection of passages could be found in any similar period of three months before last autumn. Is the trend towards popularisation which then began responsible for these lapses into the sort of appeal on which certain mass-circulation newspapers support their circulation? At a time when crimes of violence are being sensationally reported, some restraint in these matters is in the public interest, and would be no loss to Home Service entertainment.

ROY WALKER

THE SPOKEN WORD

The 'Scrapbooks'

LESLIE BAILY's 'Scrapbooks' are the most effective and enjoyable of the B.B.C.'s documentaries in sound. They are valuable because the years chosen for recollection lie within living memory—if not ours, then our parents' or grandparents'. Baily's material is the stuff we have all been brought up on, the collective mythology of the guaranteed good old days: guaranteed because, from the bleak vantage-

point of now, everything that's over seems automatically cosy, so that one imagines placid knitters saying 'Fancy that' about things which took place in their own lifetime.

The contrast between private faces in public places and public faces in private places was the keynote of the 'Scrapbook' for 1914 in which, though that long hot summer rising towards breaking-point, a remarkable suspense was sustained although—no, precisely *because*—the end, the climax, was known. Listening to that programme was like watching Giraudeau's 'La Guerre de Troie n'aura pas lieu'. One felt the need, almost the duty, of partaking in this recreation of history in order, somehow, to change it: surely the war wasn't inevitable, even now it need not happen, some different ending is still possible. . . . And then the almost physical relief when August 4 is safely past once more and we go on to that famous conclusion, the trench truce, the most moving Christmas episode of our time.

Last Wednesday's 'Scrapbook' was for 1924, a year in which many of the sensations were provided by sound radio itself; the first broadcast of Big Ben, a nightingale, the King, the first broadcast from a mine, an aeroplane: the year of the Wembley Exhibition, the last great Imperial fling; the year of the first Labour Government; the year when it rained all the time. Tutankhamen's tomb was opened, and we heard the late Howard Carter's eye-witness description of this literally awe-inspiring moment.

These are intensely national programmes. Most of the events concern England or Englishmen: foreign affairs, in peacetime, get the occasional rueful glance: in the 'Scrapbook' for 1924 we heard very briefly of an obscure German agitator then in prison and writing his autobiography: they let him out later in the year. Only a country which has a great variety of internal interests and records them as carefully as we do (our written public records are the completest of any nation's) could possibly make programmes like these fascinating. Yet 'Scrapbook' doesn't fall into the sort of sentimentality which spoilt Coward's 'Cavalcade', in which real events were blurred by being seen through the tear-stained eyes of maudlin imaginary characters. 'Scrapbook' gives us its aural newsreel-cuttings straight off the ice, and the occasional dramatised comments are nothing more insidious than anonymous Mr. and Mrs. Everyman naively wondering 'Ee, what's that thing?'—'A wireless'.—'What's a wireless?', etc. That is almost the only touch of superiority over the past in the 'Scrapbook' world: the rest is national nostalgia stiffened with national pride, the music of Elgar throbbing steadily in the background: 'Jesu, the days we have seen'.

I listened to last Friday's 'Any Questions?' (Light) in the hope that this programme would turn out to be better than my recollection of it from previous hearings. It turned out far worse. The questions were either heartbreakingly trivial or else so touchingly general that one would have thought even the sublime self-confidence of the 'team' might falter. Each question was greeted with such a tumult of applause that one waited, spellbound, for someone to give 'im the money: and indeed the coy nudging-by-play was far worse than anything in 'Have a Go!': after all, these people aren't supposed to be professional entertainers but men of knowledge. By the time the questions have been laboriously repeated by the question-master, they sound like popular crossword-puzzle clues for which there are obvious alternative answers differing by a letter. This week such burning (or quietly smouldering) issues as clean air, advice to those about to marry, industrial disputes and arbitration, the Arab Republic, were predictably dealt with in answers which were pompously patriotic ('our British system', etc.), embarrass-

ingly sensible ('well, to be serious for a moment'), sprightly and flippant, or fruity, leannish, and rib-digging. The whole thing seemed to me patronising in the worst possible way: a parish hall brains trust boomed out to millions as if it were the word of God.

K. W. GRANSDEN

MUSIC

From C⁴ to C or All at Sea

IN HIS ARTICLE on Michael Tippett's new symphony, commissioned by the B.B.C. and given its first performances on Wednesday and Saturday last, Scott Goddard quoted an *obiter dictum* of the composer's about 'the delight of watching while musical material moves with a pattern behind it; the delight in craftsmanship and creation that is probably the most . . . rewarding joy that music can give'. That is as good a definition of the intellectual pleasure to be derived from music as can be offered in a single sentence.

It was with that quotation in mind that I settled down to listen to the new work, seeking earnestly to follow the unfolding of the composer's thought and the development of his material. The first movement begins splendidly with 'four pounding bass Cs'—an echo apparently from a work of Vivaldi heard at Lugano—on which are imposed a brave theme for horns and a flourish for strings high up in the treble. Later the wood-winds contribute a soft and enchanting subject that might be the sound of bells heard across the lake where the work was conceived. The interest would be to perceive how these diverse themes could be reconciled. But that does not happen. Instead, the composer starts 'reeling and writhing and fainting in coils'. His fondness for counterpoints of rhythm has yielded some exciting music for string quartet. But the application of this kind of complexity to a full orchestral texture without a surer control of the material than Tippett seems to command is rash and likely to lead to unintelligibility. The music got coiled up into such an inextricable tangle that the pattern, which would be the source of our delight, was indiscernible.

Indeed at the first performance the B.B.C. Orchestra and/or the conductor—for Sir Adrian Boult gallantly took the blame upon himself—lost their way and had to make a fresh start. Apart from this accident, I had the impression that, though the work went better at the second performance, the orchestra had by no means mastered the difficulties of its rhythmical complexities or of the floridities allotted to the individual sections or instruments. No doubt, the symphony was allowed the normal amount of rehearsal, perhaps more than the normal amount, but it still was not enough.

The best part of the symphony is the slow movement, where the composer's imagination is allowed to roam unhampered by his obsession with elaborate patterns. And when his imagination has free play, how powerful and original it is! The pleasure it yields is not, however, the intellectual one of 'watching while musical material moves with a pattern'. Rather it is the pleasure—a higher one in my opinion—that comes from the direct communication by a composer to his audience of his poetic thought. It is Tippett's failure to communicate his thought generally whether in music or in words, that has always been an obstacle between his original and creative mind and his audience. The new symphony proceeds, as anyone could hear, from four thumping Cs in the bass at beginning to more Cs at the end, but, except in the *Adagio*, the cogency of what went between was too often lost in the welter of notes.

Britten's 'Peter Grimes' broadcast from Covent Garden on the evening after the first

An open letter

TO PARENTS OF AMBITIOUS YOUNG MEN



From: Air Marshal Sir John Whitley, K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O., A.F.C.



AIR MINISTRY (LT3),
ADASTRAL HOUSE,
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LONDON WC1

Dear Sir,

Suggesting a career is always a big responsibility—not least for parents with a son growing up. In the final analysis, the choice must lie with your son himself. But you can help him in his choice.

Here, therefore, are some facts about one career which is particularly attractive to an ambitious young man. I refer to a flying career in the Royal Air Force.

First, let me assure you that flying will continue in the Royal Air Force for as far ahead as can be foreseen. The Royal Air Force has the prime responsibility for the air defence of this country. For young men therefore who are trained to tackle the problems of the air in the air, there will be more—not fewer—opportunities in the missile age. This is especially true of those who qualify now for a permanent or short service commission and come successfully through their Pilot's, Navigator's or Air Electronics Officer's training.

It is a well-paid job. In how many callings can a man of 25 earn £1,500 a year? It is a job of high responsibility. Quite apart from flying and its fascinating skills, there are the manifold duties of an officer; to men under him; in staff, liaison or training jobs; and perhaps, in high command.

You know yourself if your son has the character, intelligence and fitness for this magnificent (but exacting) life. If he is over 17½ and has G.C.E. or equivalent to the required standard, you may be doing him a service if you write to the Air Ministry for fuller information.

Let me add that the country needs the right kind of young men for this vitally important job, and it needs them now.

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performance of Tippett's symphony, is far more expertly composed. As a drama it 'comes off' splendidly, and, except in 'The Turn of the Screw' designed on a smaller scale, the composer has not surpassed it. But if its expertness is undeniable, the ignobility of its theme, as compared with Tippett's lofty idealism, remains. Excepting Ellen and Captain Balstrode, all the characters are contemptible or positively odious. For all his effort to endow Grimes with a touch of poetry and sensibility beneath his sadistic brutishness, Britten could not turn him into a heroic figure.

The performance under Rafael Kubelik's direction was, by contrast with that of 'The Carmelites', half-hearted. The chorus, in particular, never really put their backs into their work. Of the principals only James Pease as Balstrode and Owen Brannigan as the lawyer, Swallow (one of the two survivors from the original cast), gave first-rate performances. Pease, indeed, was excellent and really dominated every scene in which he took part. He was also exceptional in getting his words across clearly. Sylvia Fisher seemed ill at ease in the part of Ellen, and Jean Watson could not endow

'Auntie' with the salty quality Edith Coates used to bring to the part.

Peter Pears, the other survivor of the original production, sounded too weak of voice for the large theatre, and quite failed to dominate the stage until he reached the fog-horn scene, which he now plays much more expertly than he did of old. The singer was heard to better advantage on Saturday night, when beautifully accompanied by Britten, he sang a programme of Viennese songs ranging from Wolf and Mahler to Schoenberg and von Einem.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Laying Handel's Ghost

By CHARLES CUDWORTH

The first of three concerts of music by eighteenth-century English composers will be broadcast at 8.0 p.m. on February 18 (Third)

ONE of the most widely held misconceptions in the history of music assumes that when Purcell died English music entered upon its Dark Ages from which it only emerged in 1880 with the performance of Parry's 'Prometheus Unbound'. It is further held that any music which did happen to get itself composed by Englishmen during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries was (a) a mere imitation of Handel or (b) a servile copy of Mendelssohn. I cannot attempt in this short article to combat the bog of Mendelssohn's influence, but I can at least try to lay Mr. Handel's Ghost. Not that I have the least objection to that great man or his music, being indeed as ardent a Handelian as anyone living. All I desire is to lighten the dense shadow cast by his posthumous reputation, and thereby enable us to see some of our own Georgian composers in a somewhat clearer light.

The best way of understanding the music of the eighteenth century is to read what the Georgians themselves had to say about it. Late eighteenth-century critics like John Marsh looked back at their century and saw its music divided into two main streams, with the watershed somewhere about the time of Handel's death. The music of the first half of the century was to them 'Ancient' (we often call it Late Baroque) while the music of the second half of the century was 'Modern' to them (*galante* and classical to us). Typical 'Ancient' composers were Blow and Purcell, Corelli and Marcello, Dr. Pepusch, and even the great Mr. Handel himself; for when he died, in 1759, Handel's music was already becoming old-fashioned. The 'Moderns' had indeed begun to arrive; Giardini was already established in England, and his friends C. F. Abel and J. C. Bach were soon to follow, thus consolidating that *galante* triumvirate which guided English musical taste for the quarter-century after Handel's death, until the advent of Haydn gave English music-lovers a new idol. Throughout the period, England in general and London in particular sheltered large numbers of foreign musicians who settled here and often became more English than the English in the process, although the possession of a foreign name was always a useful passport to artistic success.

And how did the English composers themselves fit into this picture? Let us take the 'Ancients' first. When Purcell died, there were several gifted Englishmen on the musical scene (Croft, Eccles, and Jeremiah Clarke among them) but there was no outstanding native genius; Maurice Greene, the most talented composer of the generation immediately succeeding Purcell, was only born in the year in which his great predecessor died. When Handel arrived in

England in 1710, Greene was a mere lad of fifteen and the two most outstanding native composers of the next generation, Thomas Augustine Arne and William Boyce, were newborn infants bawling in their cradles.

Two other gifted Englishmen were born about the same time: Charles Avison of Newcastle in 1709 and blind John Stanley in 1713. All four lived until the seventeen-seventies and they and their contemporaries composed much fine music, operas, masques, serenades, odes, anthems, songs, cantatas, sonatas, suites, overtures, voluntaries... a veritable treasure-house of forgotten music which is gradually being re-discovered, performed and published in modern editions. They grew up in an England which saw in Handel not merely a great composer, but the greatest composer who had ever lived. Some of them idolised him, others resented him; none were able to ignore him, yet amazingly enough they were able to preserve their own individualities in spite of the overwhelming prestige of the great Saxon. Their music is not mere Handel and water, nor even Handel and small beer, but good stuff in its own right. The organ concertos and voluntaries of Stanley, the trio-sonatas and symphonies of Boyce, the stage works of Arne, the string concertos of Avison, Stanley, Mudge, and Garth, the violin sonatas of Gibbs, can all bear comparison with the similar works composed by the foreign musicians living in England, not even excluding those of Handel himself.

And what of the 'Moderns'? The history books usually assume that the only musical events worth chronicling between the death of Handel and the coming of Mendelssohn were the Handel Festivals of 1784 onwards and the visits of Haydn in the seventeen-nineties, and that any English music written during that period was either full of Handelian platitudes or so trivial that it need not be considered. In point of fact there was a great deal of musical activity throughout the period, and most of the music written by our native composers was in fact both up-to-date and highly sophisticated. The symphonies of the Earl of Kellie, of Fisher and Collett and Smethergell and Marsh, were as up-to-the-minute as those of Messrs. Bach and Abel themselves, whilst James Hook composed innumerable songs and organ concertos in the *galante* style, to please his Vauxhall audiences. The ballad operas of Arnold, Dibdin, and Shield were in a modern idiom, and when Storace, the most gifted of all our operatic composers, returned from the Continent in the seventeen-eighties he owed more to the Neapolitans and Mozart than ever he did to Handel. And, as the new century dawned, Samuel Wesley was putting to paper a symphony as arresting

in its utterance as anything then being written on the Continent.

Bearing all this in mind, the reader should be able to listen in a reasonably open frame of mind to the three concerts of English eighteenth-century music which are being broadcast in the Third Programme. These concerts will include vocal and instrumental items by various composers. No fewer than six of the recently published set of eighteen *Overtures* by William Boyce, edited by the late Gerald Finzi, and printed in the *Musica Britannica* series, are to be performed. Boyce was long known primarily as a composer and editor of church music, but in recent years he has become more widely known for his symphonies and overtures (the two words were practically synonymous in his day). Oddly enough, it seems that he became an orchestral composer more by accident than by design, for nearly all his orchestral works were first composed as preludes to vocal works, serenatas, royal odes, operas, and so on.

Now whether Boyce was writing symphony or overture or something betwixt and between, his style was always essentially 'Ancient', based on Handelian practice, but without any loss of his own individuality and forthright English qualities. There was something about the 'Ancient' style which suited Boyce, and he kept to it to the end of his life, no matter what fashion decreed; he was perhaps confirmed in his course by his own ever-increasing deafness, which must have hampered him greatly in his busy professional life. He wrote for an orchestra of strings, oboes, bassoons, and horns, with occasional flutes, trumpets, and drums. His oboes generally double his violins, and his horns and trumpets often play brilliant tunes, Baroque-fashion, at the tops of their registers, instead of merely going rum-ti-tum, rum-ti-tum in the new-fangled way of the *galante* composers.

One does not listen to Boyce for startling innovations in form or orchestration, but for much more English qualities—for tunefulness, clear-cut rhythms, and the capacity to weld many traditions together into a workmanlike and unified style of his own, which once found he kept to, even if it did gradually become old-fashioned. In this he joined that not undistinguished company of English composers who would rather be deemed outmoded than know themselves to be insincere. Yet time has brought its revenge. His music, which seemed out-of-date to his younger contemporaries, sounds much less dated to us now than the Mannheim sighs of milord Kellie, or even the mellifluous cadences of J. C. Bach. Strangely enough, although he was the nearest to Handel of the Georgians, he remains in some extraordinary way the most sturdily original of them all.

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4 lemons
8 lb. of preserving sugar
22 teacups of water

Grate the orange and lemon skins very finely, and keep them aside in a large basin. Cut up the remainder of the fruit, and put all of this into the jelly pan, pips and all. Add the twenty-two teacups of water, bring to the boil and boil for half an hour, or longer if necessary to make all the fruit really soft and tender. Strain this through a jelly bag, letting it drip overnight into the large basin containing the orange and lemon rinds. Next day, put the jelly and rinds on to boil, and when just at boiling point add the warmed sugar (heated by standing it above the rack on the stove) and boil for ten minutes, or until it sets when tested on a saucer. Let it cool for about ten minutes before putting into warmed jars, then give it a stir to distribute the rinds evenly through the jelly pot, and cover at once.

MOLLY WEIR

Coffee can be very good in the morning, and on these cold mornings I think it is more sustaining and warming than tea. But it must be fresh, hot, strong.

First, fresh: warmed-up coffee from yesterday, to my way of thinking, is just no use. Ideally I would grind it myself, but there is not time in the morning, so I buy the grind I find suits my method of coffee-making best. Do not just buy freshly ground coffee: tell them in the shop whether you want it finely ground, or medium, or coarse. For the *espresso* steam-pressure method the fine grind is essential; for the kind of pot in which your boiling water

goes over the grounds a number of times a medium grind is best, and for the earthenware-jug way, in which the coffee infuses for a time, the coarse grind gives the best results.

Then find a reliable way to keep the coffee and the milk really hot. Let it cool in your cup if you wish, but not before it reaches the cup. Never serve weak coffee; plenty of milk, but not watery coffee. Water is the enemy of good coffee. And really it is not extravagant this way. Certainly you may need a little more milk, but the strong coffee in the milk doubles the enjoyment and the warmth and nourishment.

Have you ever tried dissolving a piece of chocolate in your coffee? This should be plain, not milk, chocolate. It may be an acquired taste but it is most enjoyable. Another variation is some grated orange peel in almost black coffee. In many districts of France they add a piece of butter to the milk when heating it—this gives a creamy effect. Do not quite boil the milk and, if you have time, whisk it briskly with a fork just before it froths up.

ELIZABETH KILHAM ROBERTS

A listener says that orange-juice stains do not come out with ordinary washing, and asks what is to be done. I think the trouble here may be that the bib is washed with strong soap. If you use soap on fruit stains you may set them so firmly that they will not budge. That is because of alkalis in soap and soap powders. I think this is one of the jobs best done with a mild, synthetic detergent. However, if washing or shampooing with synthetic detergent does not help, here is something that may. Damp the bib with cold water, then rub in a little glycerine. Leave this to soak for two or three hours before washing. Glycerine is a wonderful stain loosener, and quick first-aid for stains is half

the battle. It is not always possible, I know, to be on the spot in a twinkling with a damp cloth. But, if you are not, and a stain has time to sink in, then the trouble begins.

RUTH DREW

In *A Book of Cakes* (André Deutsch, 10s. 6d.) Gertrude Mann gives clear and comprehensive instructions for making 200 different cakes. Many of the recipes are British in origin but Mrs. Mann has also included some from the Continent, and provided a chapter of recipes for Commonwealth countries where an indication of quantities in bulk rather than in weight is usually preferred.

THE HON. LEON MARIA GUERRERO (*page 263*): Ambassador of the Philippines in London since 1954; also Minister to Sweden, Denmark, Finland, and Western Germany.

E. R. LEACH (page 265): Reader in Social Anthropology, Cambridge University

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W. KEITH NEAL (page 275): Past Master of the Worshipful Company of Gun-Makers and author of *Spanish Guns and Pistols*

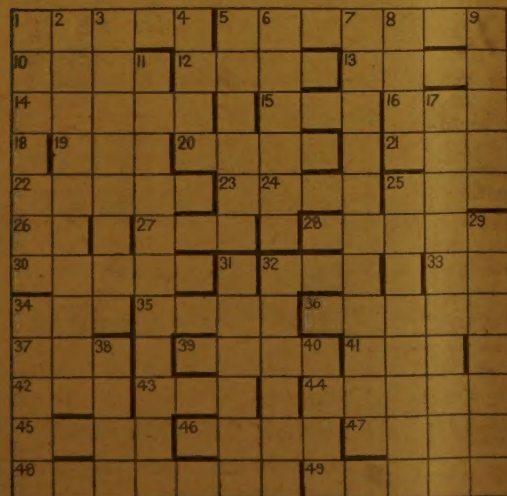
ALEXANDER KENNEDY (page 277): Professor of Psychological Medicine, Edinburgh University; Clinical Director, Royal Edinburgh Hospital for Mental and Nervous Diseases; author of *Hysteria and its Treatment*, etc., and (as Kenneth Alexander) of a number of radio plays such as 'Life History of a Delusion'

PETER JEWELL (page 278): Lecturer in Pharmacology, Royal Veterinary College, London University

SEAN O'FAOLAIN (page 282): author of *The Vanishing Hero*, *South to Sicily*, *The Short Story*, etc.

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Closing date: first post on Thursday, February 20. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final.



The answer to each Across clue is to be entered in the diagram in two parts: it runs first from the numbered clue as far as a bar; then, after descending a snake or climbing a ladder to another numbered square (not clued), continues to the next bar. The snakes and ladders, which the solver must imagine, travel either vertically or obliquely. Down lights are normal.

CLUES—ACROSS

1. Personification of truth and maidenhead shown in the arena, casting off a corset
10. Lily is about to go before the Chancellor
15. Degree at which cerise melts
16. Medick planted before Easter by copper is making very dull progress (hyphen)
19. Dull queen and subject cause an affair
21. There's money in the old rent for a piece of bread and butter
22. The axis of a spikulet is worthless, having a pike in its
28. It's prevalent to embrace most of the pub, and distasteful, too
30. A nagging desire to pinch a piece of beef (hyphen)
33. Water-crowfoot is taller with the ends trimmed
35. The wit of a turbulent priest
36. Having abnormally dark hair, see, no dame's after me!
37. Silver scooped up by diver in the pool
41. A tissue is a fabricated story
44. Additional instrumentalist brings confusion—isn't in score
45. Entombment of Biblical city held in a spell
47. Is so well gripped by the captain, you can see the plane curve
48. Wheiks, etc., are no true repast, somehow

DOWN

1. Bones need a certain amount of skilfulness to take the strain (7)

2. A Wembley crowd I cultivated on spouting about intellectual activity (10)
3. A pear of a singular dainty, obtained by a fiddle (8)
4. Article on tick causes grumble (4)
5. I'm hemmed in and I'm almost defamatory (6)
6. Slippery lining found in plants' cell-walls (6)
7. A great consuming love, even leading to a spasm of spontaneous origin (11)
8. Dig deep but find no produce—that was the old approach (4)
9. Grievous injury of yore, now more scarce, practically (5)
11. Find where a triangle's altitudes intersect—the sort of rot that gets a little money in old age (11)
17. For an animal-dealer to beat up a whole mountain range is just a bit of trouble (10)
25. Crusty kind of order? (8, hyphen)
29. Italians get on well without refusals (7)
31. I must be taken in a fine jet to show mettle (6)
32. Before the trip, ring the Duke of Illyria (6)
34. Scots money tossed up—tail's not showing—see a psychologist (5)
38. District that's right for an ox (4)
40. Allowance deducted from meat retailers (4)

The image contains two circular diagrams for the game of Noughts and Crosses (Tic-Tac-Toe). Each diagram is a circle divided into nine segments, with a central circle. The segments are arranged in a 3x3 grid pattern. The central circle contains the letter 'N' in both diagrams. In the left diagram, the segments contain the letters: N (center), E, A, P, N, E, I, R, A. The right diagram shows a different arrangement: N (center), U, B, A, M, T, A, T, A.

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